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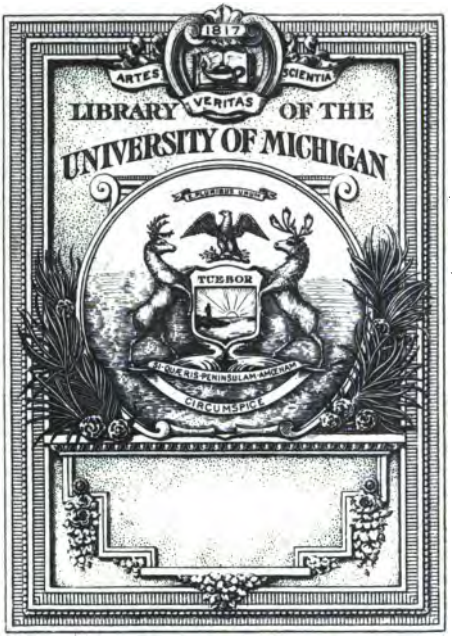

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SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

JULIUS CÆSAR.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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THE TIBER.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

INTRODUCTION

TO

JULIUS CÆSAR.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

"The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar"* was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 109–130 in the division of "Tragedies." It was printed with remarkable accuracy, and no play of Shakespeare's presents fewer textual difficulties.

The date at which the drama was written has been variously fixed by the critics. According to Malone, it "could not have appeared before 1607." Collier argues that it must

* This is the title at the beginning of the play and at the head of each page, but in the Table of Contents (or, as it is called, "A CATALOGVE of the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume") it is given as "The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar."

have been acted before 1603. Knight believes it to be "one of the latest works of Shakespeare." Craik* comes to the conclusion that it "can hardly be assigned to a later date than the year 1607, but there is nothing to prove that it may not be of considerably earlier date." White infers from the style that "it was probably brought out between 1605 and 1608." Gervinus (in his *Shakespeare Commentaries*) decides that it "was composed before 1603, about the same time as *Hamlet*;" and he adds that this is "confirmed not only by the frequent external references to Cæsar which we find in *Hamlet*, but still more by the inner relations of the two plays." More recently (in his folio edition of Shakespeare, 1865), Halliwell has shown that it was written "in or before the year 1601." This appears "from the following lines in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in that year—lines which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shakespeare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch:

> "'The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?'"

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

It appears from Peck's "Collection of divers curious historical pieces, etc." (appended to his *Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell*), that a Latin play on this subject, entitled "Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti," had been written as early as 1582, by Dr. Richard Eedes, and acted at Christ Church College, Oxford. This was very likely the drama referred to in *Hamlet* (iii. 2):

> "*Hamlet.* My lord, you play'd once i' th' university, you say?
> *Polonius.* That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.
> *Hamlet.* What did you enact?
> *Polonius.* I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' th' Capitol; Brutus kill'd me."

---

* *English of Shakespeare*, Rolfe's ed., pp. 44–49.

THE ROMAN FORUM BEFORE THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS.

Stephen Gosson also, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play entitled "The History of Cæsar and Pompey;" and there were doubtless other early English plays based on the story of Cæsar. But the only source from which Shakespeare appears to have derived his materials was Sir Thomas North's version of *Plutarch's Lives* (translated from the French of Amyot), first published in 1579. He has followed his authority closely, not only in the main incidents, but often in the minutest details of the action. This has been well stated

by Gervinus in his *Shakespeare Commentaries*:* "The component parts of the drama are borrowed from the biographies of Brutus and Cæsar in such a manner that not only the historical action in its ordinary course, but also the single characteristic traits in incidents and speeches, nay, even single expressions and words, are taken from Plutarch; even such as are not anecdotal or of an epigrammatic nature, even such as one unacquainted with Plutarch would consider in form and manner to be quite Shakespearian, and which have not unfrequently been quoted as his peculiar property, testifying to the poet's deep knowledge of human nature. From the triumph over Pompey (or rather over his sons), the silencing of the two tribunes, and the crown offered at the Lupercalian feast, until Cæsar's murder, and from thence to the battle of Philippi and the closing words of Antony, which are in part exactly as they were delivered, all in this play is essentially Plutarch. The omens of Cæsar's death, the warnings of the augur and of Artemidorus, the absence of the heart in the animal sacrificed, Calphurnia's dream; the peculiar traits of Cæsar's character, his superstition regarding the touch of barren women in the course, his remarks about thin people like Cassius; all the circumstances about the conspiracy where no oath was taken, the character of Ligarius, the withdrawal of Cicero; the whole relation of Portia to Brutus, her words, his reply, her subsequent anxiety and death; the circumstances of Cæsar's death, the very arts and means of Decius Brutus to induce him to leave home, all the minutest particulars of his murder, the behaviour of Antony and its result, the murder of the poet Cinna; further on, the contention between the republican friends respecting Lucius Pella and the refusal of the money, the dissension of the two concerning the decisive battle, their conversation about suicide, the appearance of Brutus's evil genius, the mistakes in the

* Bunnett's Translation, London, 1863. This passage immediately precedes the one quoted in the "Critical Comments on the Play" below.

battle, its double issue, its repetition, the suicide of both friends, and Cassius's death by the same sword with which he killed Cæsar—all is taken from Plutarch's narrative, from which the poet had only to omit whatever destroyed the unity of the action."

The period of the action of the play extends from the feast of the *Lupercalia*, in February of the year 44 B.C., to the battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."*]

Shakespear has in this play and elsewhere shown the same penetration into political character and the springs of public events as into those of every-day life. For instance, the whole design of the conspirators to liberate their country fails from the generous temper and overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security. That humanity and honesty which dispose men to resist injustice and tyranny render them unfit to cope with the cunning and

power of those who are opposed to them. The friends of liberty trust to the professions of others because they are themselves sincere, and endeavour to reconcile the public good with the least possible hurt to its enemies, who have no regard to anything but their own unprincipled ends, and stick at nothing to accomplish them. Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator. His heart prompted his head. His watchful jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion; otherwise they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pronounce their funeral panegyric, as Antony did that of Brutus:

> "All the conspirators, save only he,
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
> He only in a general honest thought,
> And common good to all, made one of them."

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly way. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described; and the exclamation of Cassius on hearing of the death of Portia, which he does not learn till after their reconciliation, "How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?" gives double force to all that has gone before. The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavours to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, is conceived in the most heroical spirit, and the burst of tenderness in Brutus—

> "You are my true and honourable wife:
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart"—

is justified by her whole behaviour. Portia's breathless impatience to learn the event of the conspiracy, in the dialogue

with Lucius, is full of passion. The interest which Portia takes in Brutus, and that which Calphurnia takes in the fate of Cæsar, are discriminated with the nicest precision. Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and artifice in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good.

The entrance of the conspirators to the house of Brutus is rendered very impressive. In the midst of this scene we meet with one of those careless and natural digressions which occur so frequently and beautifully in Shakespear. After Cassius has introduced his friends one by one, Brutus says,

> "They are all welcome.
> What watchful cares do interpose themselves
> Betwixt your eyes and night?
> *Cassius.* Shall I entreat a word? [*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*
> *Decius.* Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
> *Casca.* No.
> *Cinna.* O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,
> That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
> *Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
> Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
> Which is a great way growing on the south,
> Weighing the youthful season of the year.
> Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
> He first presents his fire, and the high east
> Stands, as the Capitol, directly here."

We cannot help thinking this graceful familiarity better than all the fustian in the world.

The truth of history in *Julius Cæsar* is very ably worked up with dramatic effect. The councils of generals, the doubtful turns of battles, are represented to the life. The death of Brutus is worthy of him: it has the dignity of the Roman senator with the firmness of the Stoic philosopher. But what is perhaps better than either is the little incident of his boy Lucius falling asleep over his instrument, as he is playing to his master in his tent, the night before the battle. Nature had played him the same forgetful trick once before, on the

night of the conspiracy. The humanity of Brutus is the same on both occasions.

> "It is no matter:
> Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber.
> Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
> Which busy care draws in the brains of men,
> Therefore thou sleep'st so sound."

[*From Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere."**]

Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakespeare with Plutarch in hand. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvas; the outlines are distinct, the colours are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian's picture. We turn to the poet. We recognize the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move; we have at once the reality of nature and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches, without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act, this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakespeare's mode of dramatizing a fact. When Metellus Cimber makes suit for his brother, and the conspirators appear as intercessors, the historian says, "Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him." The poet enters into the mind of Cæsar, and clothes this rejection of the suit in characteristic words. Hazlitt, after noticing the profound knowledge of character displayed by Shakespeare in this play, says: "If there be any exception to this

* *Tragedies*, vol. ii. p. 349 foll.

remark, it is in the hero of the piece himself. We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers the portrait given of him in his *Commentaries*. He makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far the fault of the character is the fault of the plot." The echoes of this opinion are many, and smaller critics wax bold upon the occasion. Boswell says: "There cannot be a stronger proof of Shakespeare's deficiency in classical knowledge than the boastful language he has put in the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them." Courtenay had hazarded, in his notice of *Henry VIII.*, the somewhat bold assertion that "Shakespeare used very little artifice, and, in truth, had very little design, in the construction of the greater number of his historical characters." Upon the character of Julius Cæsar, he says that Plutarch's having been supposed to pass over this character somewhat slightly is "a corroboration of my remark upon the slight attention which Shakespeare paid to his historical characters. The conversation with Antony about fat men, and with Calphurnia about her dreams, came conveniently into his plan; and some lofty expressions could hardly be avoided in portraying one who was known to the whole world as a great conqueror. Beyond this our poet gave himself no trouble." This is certainly an easy way of disposing of a complicated question. Did Shakespeare give himself no trouble about the characterization of Brutus and Cassius? In them did he indicate no points of character but what he found in Plutarch? Is not his characterization of Cæsar himself a considerable expansion of what he found set down by the historian? At *the exact period of the action of this drama*, Cæsar, possessing the reality of power, was haunted by the weakness of passionately desiring the title of king. Plutarch says:

"The chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king." This is the pivot upon which the whole action of Shakespeare's tragedy turns. There might have been another method of treating the subject. The death of Julius Cæsar might have been the catastrophe. The republican and monarchical principles might have been exhibited in conflict. The republican principle would have triumphed in the fall of Cæsar; and the poet would have previously held the balance between the two principles, or have claimed, indeed, our largest sympathies for the principles of Cæsar and his friends, by a true exhibition of Cæsar's greatness and Cæsar's virtues. The poet chose another course. And are we, then, to talk, with ready flippancy, of ignorance and carelessness—that he wanted classical knowledge—that he gave himself no trouble? "The fault of the character is the fault of the plot," says Hazlitt. It would have been nearer the truth had he said, the character is determined by the plot. While Cæsar is upon the scene, it was for the poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of "the covetous desire he had to be called king," and most admirably, according to our notions of characterization, has he shown them. Cæsar is "in all but name a king." He is surrounded by all the external attributes of power; yet he is not satisfied:

> "The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow."

He is suspicious—he fears. But he has acquired the policy of greatness—to seem what it is not. To his intimate friend he is an actor:

> "I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
> Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar."

When Calphurnia has recounted the terrible portents of the night—when the augurers would not that Cæsar should stir forth—he exclaims:

"The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear."

But to whom does he utter this, the "boastful language" which so offends Boswell? To the servant who has brought the message from the augurers; before *him* he could show no fear. But the very inflation of his language shows that he did fear; and an instant after, when the servant no doubt is intended to have left the scene, he says to his wife,

"Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home."

Read Plutarch's account of the scene between Decius and Cæsar, when Decius prevails against Calphurnia, and Cæsar decides to go. In the historian we have not a hint of the splendid characterization of Cæsar struggling between his fear and his pride. Wherever Shakespeare found a minute touch in the historian that could harmonize with his general plan, he embodied it in his character of Cæsar. Who does not remember the magnificent lines which the poet puts into the mouth of Cæsar?

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

A very slight passage in Plutarch, with reference to other events of Cæsar's life, suggested this: "When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death." . . . The tone of his last speech is indeed boastful:

"I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he
Let me a little show it."

That Cæsar knew his power, and made others know it, who can doubt? He was not one who, in his desire to be king, would put on the robe of humility. Altogether, then, we profess to receive Shakespeare's characterization of Cæsar with a perfect confidence that he produced that character upon fixed principles of art. It is true to the narrative upon which Shakespeare founded it; but, what is of more importance, it is true to every natural conception of what Cæsar must have been at the exact moment of his fall.

[*From Ulrici's "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art."**]

The want of unity of interest is the common objection that has been most frequently brought against *Julius Cæsar*. And as long as this particular unity is confounded with the true ideal unity of art, defective composition, or a want of true organic unity, is the greatest censure that can be passed upon a work of art. Now if the unity of interest ought to centre entirely in one *personage* of the drama, then no doubt the objection is just, for it is divided between Cæsar, Brutus and Cassius, and Antony and Octavius. But we cannot for a moment concede that poetical interest is invariably personal; we believe that it attaches as frequently to an idea. In the *historical* drama, the interest must indeed be one, but one *historically*, and then it will be one in a poetical sense also. But in a certain sense history does not at all trouble itself about persons; its chief interest is in *facts*, and their effects and influences. Now in *Julius Cæsar* this interest is one throughout, and possesses a true and organic unity. One and the same thought is reflected in the fall of Cæsar, in the defeat and death of Brutus and Cassius, and also in the vic-

* English Translation, London, 1847, p. 534 fol. We have made a few verbal changes, and have corrected some palpable errors; as "sworn friend" for "sworn enemy" (geschworenen Feinde).

tory of Antony and Octavius. No man, even though he be as great as Cæsar, or as noble as Brutus, is powerful enough to drag at will history in leading-strings; every one in his vocation may contribute his stone to building up the grand whole, but no one must presume to think that he may with impunity try experiments with it. The great Julius was but trying an experiment when he allowed the crown to be offered which he thrice rejected against his will. He could not tame his wild ambition—a fault which history perhaps might have pardoned; but he understood her not; he wished and attempted what she was not ready for: by this self-condemned error, by this arrogance, he precipitated his fate. But Brutus and Cassius erred no less in thinking that Rome could be saved by re-establishing the republic; as if the prosperity of a state depended on its form, and as if the individual could restore the lost morality of the nation by a magic word. As Cæsar thought life unendurable without the outward dignity of a crown, so they could not bear to live without the honour of external liberty, which they mistook for true intrinsic freedom of mind. They also were trying their own experiments with history. The avaricious and ambitious Cassius, as well as the noble-minded and disinterested Brutus, arrogantly thought themselves strong enough to control the course of events. Thus, in their case also, was error associated with presumption, and they doubly deserved the retribution that overtook them. Antony, on the other hand, with Octavius and Lepidus, the talented spendthrift with the clever actor and the good-hearted simpleton—neither half so able nor so noble-minded as their adversaries—nevertheless prevailed in the struggle, because they consented to follow the course of history and the spirit of their age, and understood how to use it. In *Julius Cæsar*, therefore, we discern throughout the same ground-idea, and a well-distributed organic unity of historical interest in all the characters, whether leading or subordinate. It shines forth even in Portia's death, as well as

in the fall of Cato, Cicero, and the other conspirators; Portia and Cato fell with Brutus, and the rest with Cassius, because they did not understand the progress of events, and thought to control it arbitrarily for themselves, or no less wantonly to put their hands into their bosoms, and "speak Greek." History, accordingly, here appears under one of its principal aspects—that of its despotic power and energy of development, by which, although worked out by individual minds, it yet rules the greatest of them, and reaches far beyond their widest calculations.

But what can justify apparitions and spirits in an *historical* drama? And in any case, why is it that the ghost of Cæsar appears to Brutus, whose designs, apparently at least, are pure and noble, rather than to Cassius, his sworn enemy? Because, though they appear to be such, they are not so in reality; the design is not really *pure* which has for its first step so arrogant a violation of right. Moreover, Cæsar had been more deeply wronged by Brutus than by Cassius. Brutus, like Coriolanus, had trampled under foot the tenderest and noblest affections of humanity for the sake of the phantom honour of free citizenship. Brutus, lastly, was the very soul of the conspiracy; if his mental energies should be paralyzed, and his strong courage unnerved, the whole enterprise must fail. And so, in truth, it went to pieces, because it was against the will of history—that is, against the eternal counsels of God. It was to signify this great lesson that Shakespeare introduced the ghost upon the stage. Only once, and with a few pregnant words, does the spirit appear; but he is constantly hovering in the background, like a dark thunder-cloud, and is, as it were, the offended and threatening spirit of history itself. It is with the same purpose that Shakespeare has introduced spectral apparitions into another of his historical pieces—*Richard III.* Both dramas belong to the same historical grade; they both represent important turning-points in the history of the world—the close of an

old, and the commencement of a new state of things—and in such times the guiding finger of God is more obviously apparent than at others.

[*From Gervinus's "Shakespeare Commentaries."**]

The fidelity of Shakespeare to his source [Plutarch] justifies us in saying that he has but copied the historical text. It is at the same time wonderful with what hidden and almost undiscernible power he has converted the text into a drama, and made one of the most effective plays possible. Nowhere else has Shakespeare executed his task with such simple skill, combining his dependence on history with the greatest freedom of a poetic plan, and making the truest history at once the freest drama. The parts seem to be only put together with the utmost ease, a few links taken out of the great chain of historical events, and the remainder united with a closer and more compact unity; but let any one, following this model work, attempt to take any other subject out of Plutarch, and arrange only a dramatic sketch from it, and he will become fully aware of the difficulty of this apparently most easy task. He will become aware what it is to concentrate his mind on one theme strictly adhered to, as is here the case; to refer persons and actions to one idea; to seek this idea out of the most general truths laid down in history; to employ, moreover, for the dramatic representation of this idea none but the actual historical personages; and so at length to arrange this for the stage with that practised skill or innate ability, that with an apparently artless transcript of history, such an ingenious independent theatrical effect can be obtained as that which this play has at no time failed to produce. Indeed, Leonard Digges informs us with what applause *Julius Cæsar* was acted in Shakespeare's time, whilst

* Bunnett's Translation, London, 1863, vol. ii. p. 322 foll. As this translation was made "under the author's superintendence," we have quoted it *verbatim*, without collation with the original.

the tedious *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, which Ben Jonson had worked at with such diligence and labour, were coldly received. Immediately on its appearance the play roused the emulation of all the theatres; the renowned poets Munday, Drayton, Webster, and Middleton wrote a rival piece, *Cæsar's Fall*, in 1602, Lord Stirling a *Julius Cæsar* in 1604, and a *Cæsar and Pompey* appeared in 1607. At the period of the Restoration, *Julius Cæsar* was one of the few works of Shakespeare that were sought out, represented, and criticised. In our own day, in Germany, we have seen it performed, seldom well, but always with applause. Separate scenes, like that between Casca and Cassius during the storm, produce an effect which can scarcely be imagined from merely reading them; the speech of Antony, heightened by the effect of external arrangement and the artifices of conversation, by proper pauses and interruptions, even with inferior acting, carries away the spectator as well as the populace represented; the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is a trial-piece for great actors, which, according to Leonard Digges, created even in his time the most rapturous applause; and even the last act, which has been often objected to, is capable of exciting the liveliest emotion when well managed and acted with spirit.

* * * * * * *

The character of Cæsar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his *Commentaries;* it is said that he does nothing, and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words, and it has been asked whether this be the Cæsar that "did awe the world?" The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background, and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Cæsar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Cæsar's character altered much for the worse

shortly before his death, and Shakespeare has represented him according to this suggestion. With what reverence Shakespeare viewed his character as a whole we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead. In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife as a prince; the senate allow themselves to be called *his* senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house; even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power; and he maintains everywhere the proud, strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues. If one of the changes at which Plutarch hints lay in this pride, this haughtiness, another lay in his superstition. In the suspicion and apprehension before the final step, he was seized, contrary to his usual nature and habit, with misgivings and superstitious fears, which affected likewise the hitherto free-minded Calphurnia. These conflicting feelings divide him, his forebodings excite him, his pride and his defiance of danger struggle against them, and restore his former confidence, which was natural to him, and which causes his ruin; just as a like confidence, springing from another source, ruined Brutus. The actor must make his high-sounding language appear as the result of this discord of feeling. Sometimes they are only incidental words

intended to characterize the hero in the shortest way. Generally they appear in the cases where Cæsar has to combat with his superstition, where he uses effort to take a higher stand in his words than at the moment he actually feels. He speaks so much of having no fear that by this very thing he betrays his fear. Even in the places where his words sound most boastful, where he compares himself with the north star, there is more arrogance and ill-concealed pride at work than real boastfulness. It is intended there with a few words to show him at that point when his behaviour could most excite those free spirits against him. It was fully intended that he should take but a small part in the action; we must not, therefore, say with Scottowe that he was merely brought upon the stage to be killed. The poet has handled this historical piece like his English historical plays. He had in his eye the whole context of the Roman civil wars for this single drama, not as yet thinking of its continuation in *Antony and Cleopatra.*

[*From Craik's "English of Shakespeare."**]

It is evident that the character and history of Julius Cæsar had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination. There is perhaps no other historical character who is so repeatedly alluded to throughout his plays.

"There was never anything so sudden," says the disguised Rosalind in *As You Like It* (v. 2) to Orlando, speaking of the manner in which his brother Oliver and her cousin (or sister, as she calls her) Celia had fallen in love with one another, "but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of I came, saw, and overcame: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd;" etc.

"O! such a day," exclaims Lord Bardolph in the *Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* (i. 1) to old Northumberland,

* Rolfe's edition, p. 49 fol.

in his misannouncement of the issue of the field of Shrewsbury,

> "So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
> Came not till now to dignify the times
> Since Cæsar's fortunes."

And afterwards (in iv. 3) we have Falstaff's magnificent gasconade: "I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have founder'd nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame."

"But now behold," says the Chorus in the Fifth Act of *King Henry the Fifth*, describing the triumphant return of the English monarch from the conquest of France,

> "In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
> How London doth pour out her citizens.
> The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
> Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
> With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
> Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in."

In the three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, which are so thickly scattered with classical allusions of all kinds, there are several to the great Roman dictator. "Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;" the Duke of Bedford apostrophizes his deceased brother in the *First Part* (i. 1):

> "Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
> Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
> A far more glorious star thy soul will make
> Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—"

In the next scene the Maid, setting out to raise the siege of Orleans, and deliver her king and country, compares herself to

"that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once."

In the *Second Part* (iv. 1) we have Suffolk, when hurried away to execution by the seamen who had captured him, consoling himself with—

"Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates."

And afterwards (iv. 7) we have Lord Say, in somewhat similar circumstances, thus appealing to Cade and his mob of men of Kent:

"Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity."

"O traitors! murderers!" Queen Margaret in the *Third Part* (v. 5) shrieks out in her agony and rage when the prince her son is butchered before her eyes:

"They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child."

In *King Richard the Third* (iii. 1) is a passage of great pregnancy. "Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?" the young prince asks Buckingham, when it is proposed that he shall retire for a day or two to the Tower before his coronation. And when informed in reply that the mighty Roman at least began the building, he further inquires,

"Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?"

"Upon record, my gracious lord," answers Buckingham. On which the wise royal boy rejoins,

> "But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
> Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
> As 't were retail'd to all posterity,
> Even to the general all-ending day."

And then, after a "What say you, uncle?" he explains the great thought that was working in his mind in these striking words:

> "That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:
> With what his valour did enrich his wit,
> His wit set down to make his valour live.
> Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,*
> For now he lives in fame, though not in life."

Far away from anything Roman as the fable and locality of *Hamlet* are, various passages testify how much Cæsar was in the mind of Shakespeare while writing that play. First, we have the famous passage (i. 1) so closely resembling one in the Second Scene of the Second Act of *Julius Cæsar:*

> "In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
> As † stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
> Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
> Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
> Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse."‡

Then there is (iii. 2) the conversation between Hamlet and Polonius, touching the histrionic exploits of the latter in his university days: "I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'

* "*His* conqueror" is the reading of all the folios. "*This*" was restored by Theobald from the quarto of 1597, and has been adopted by Malone and most modern editors.

† Something is evidently wrong here; but even Mr. Collier's annotator gives us no help.

‡ This passage, however, is found only in the quartos, and is omitted in all the folios.

th' Capitol; Brutus kill'd me." "It was a *brute* part of him to kill so *capital* a calf there" (surely, by-the-by, to be spoken *aside*, though not so marked). Lastly, there is the prince's rhyming moralization (v. 1):

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
> O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
> Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!"

Many notices of Cæsar occur, as might be expected, in *Cymbeline*. Such are the boast of Posthumus to his friend Philario (ii. 4) of the valour of the Britons:

> "Our countrymen
> Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
> Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
> Worthy his frowning at."

Various passages in the First Scene of the Third Act:

> "When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
> Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
> Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
> And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
> (Famous in Cæsar's praises no whit less
> Than in his feats deserving it)," etc.
>
> "There be many Cæsars,
> Ere such another Julius."
>
> "A kind of conquest
> Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
> Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame:* with shame
> (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
> From off our coast twice beaten; and his shipping
> (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
> Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
> As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
> The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
> (O giglot Fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
> Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
> And Britons strut with courage."

"Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars; other of them may have crook'd noses; but to owe such straight arms, none."

"Cæsar's ambition
(Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' world) against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be."

Lastly, we have a few references in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch" (i. 5).

"Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted" (ii. 6).

"What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man?" (ii. 6.)

"Your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there" (ii. 6).

"When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain" (iii. 2).

"*Thyreus.* Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleopatra. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses" (iii. 11).

These passages, taken all together, and some of them more particularly, will probably be thought to afford a considerably more comprehensive representation of "the mighty Julius" than the Play which bears his name. We cannot be sure that that Play was so entitled by Shakespeare. "The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," or "The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar," would describe no more than the half of it. Cæsar's part terminates with the opening of the Third Act; after that, on to the end, we have nothing more of him but his dead

body, his ghost, and his memory. The Play might more fitly be called after Brutus than after Cæsar. And still more remarkable is the partial delineation that we have of the man. We have a distinct exhibition of little else beyond his vanity and arrogance, relieved and set off by his good nature or affability. He is brought before us only as "the spoilt child of victory." All the grandeur and predominance of his character is kept in the background, or in the shade—to be inferred, at most, from what is said by the other *dramatis personæ*—by Cassius on the one hand and by Antony on the other in the expression of their own diametrically opposite natures and aims, and in a very few words by the calmer, milder, and juster Brutus—nowhere manifested by himself. It might almost be suspected that the complete and full-length Cæsar had been carefully reserved for another drama. Even Antony is only half delineated here, to be brought forward again on another scene: Cæsar needed such reproduction much more, and was as well entitled to a stage which he should tread without an equal. He is only a subordinate character in the present Play; his death is but an incident in the progress of the plot. The first figures, standing conspicuously out from all the rest, are Brutus and Cassius.

Some of the passages that have been collected are further curious and interesting as being other renderings of conceptions that are also found in the present Play, and as consequently furnishing data both for the problem of the chronological arrangement of the Plays, and for the general history of the mind and artistic genius of the writer. After all the commentatorship and criticism of which the works of Shakespeare have been the subject, they still remain to be studied in their totality with a special reference to himself. The man Shakespeare, as read in his works—Shakespeare as there revealed, not only in his genius and intellectual powers, but in his character, disposition, temper, opinions, tastes, prejudices—is a book yet to be written.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."*]

Almost every one knows by heart Lady Percy's celebrated address to her husband, beginning,

"O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?"*

and that of Portia to Brutus, in Julius Cæsar,

. . . "You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stol'n from my bed."

The situation is exactly similar, the topics of remonstrance are nearly the same; the sentiments and the style as opposite as are the characters of the two women. Lady Percy is evidently accustomed to win more from her fiery lord by caresses than by reason: he loves her in his rough way, "as Harry Percy's wife," but she has no real influence over him; he has no confidence in her.

"*Lady Percy.* . . . In faith,
I 'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About this title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise; but if you go—
Hotspur. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love!"

The whole scene is admirable, but unnecessary here, because it illustrates no point of character in her. Lady Percy has no *character*, properly so called, whereas that of Portia is very distinctly and faithfully drawn from the outline furnished by Plutarch. Lady Percy's fond upbraidings, and her half-playful, half-pouting entreaties, scarcely gain her husband's attention. Portia, with true matronly dignity and tenderness, pleads her right to share her husband's thoughts, and proves it too.

"I grant, I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant, I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.

* 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 3.

Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?

. . . . .

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife:
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart!"

Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman "so fathered and so husbanded." The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her own fortitude is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition. Plutarch relates that on the day on which Cæsar was assassinated, Portia appeared overcome with terror, and even swooned away, but did not in her emotion utter a word which could affect the conspirators. Shakespeare has rendered this circumstance literally.

"*Portia.* I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Lucius. To know my errand, madam.
Portia. I would have had thee there and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.
O constancy! be strong upon my side:
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
. . . . . Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O, I grow faint," etc.

There is another beautiful incident related by Plutarch which could not well be dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time in the island of Nisida, she re-

strained all expression of grief that she might not shake *his* fortitude; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears.*

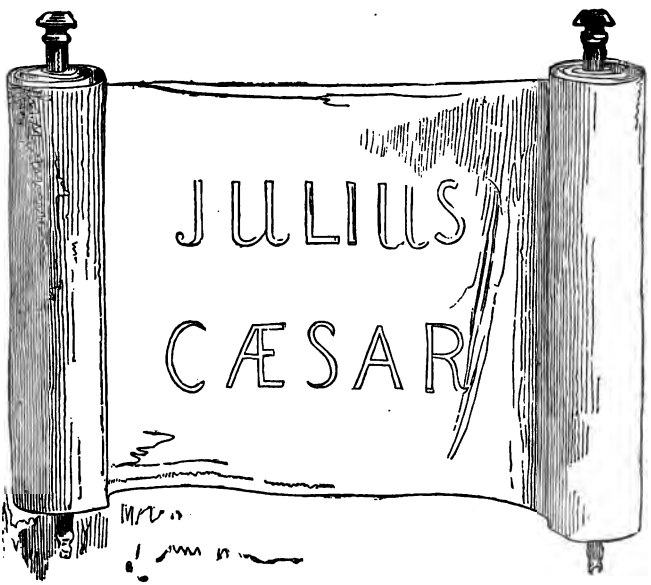
If Portia had been a Christian, and lived in later times, she might have been another Lady Russel; but she made a poor stoic. No factitious or external control was sufficient to restrain such an exuberance of sensibility and fancy; and those who praise the *philosophy* of Portia and the *heroism* of her death, certainly mistook the character altogether. It is evident, from the manner of her death, that it was not deliberate self-destruction, "after the high Roman fashion," but took place in a paroxysm of madness, caused by overwrought and suppressed feeling, grief, terror, and suspense. Shakespeare has thus represented it:—

"*Brutus.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!
Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Brutus. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.
Cassius. Ha!—Portia?
Brutus. She is dead.
Cassius. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Had made themselves so strong;—for with her death
These tidings came.—*With this she fell distract,*
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire."

So much for woman's philosophy!

* When at Naples, I have often stood upon the rock at the extreme point of Posilippo, and looked down upon the little island of Nisida, and thought of this scene till I forgot the Lazaretto which now deforms it: deforms it, however, to the fancy only, for the building itself, as it rises from amid the vines, the cypresses, and fig-trees which embosom it, looks beautiful at a distance.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.


JULIUS
CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } Triumvirs, after the death of
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } Julius Cæsar.
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, }
CICERO, }
PUBLIUS, } Senators.
POPILIUS LENA, }
MARCUS BRUTUS, }
CASSIUS, }
CASCA, }
TREBONIUS, } Conspirators against Julius Cæsar
LIGARIUS, }
DECIUS BRUTUS, }
METELLUS CIMBER, }
CINNA, }
FLAVIUS, } Tribunes.
MARULLUS, }
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a Poet.
Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, }
TITINIUS, }
MESSALA, } Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
Young CATO, }
VOLUMNIUS, }
VARRO, }
CLITUS, }
CLAUDIUS, } Servants to Brutus.
STRATO, }
LUCIUS, }
DARDANIUS, }
PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, *during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.*

ROMAN VICTORY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Citizen.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Citizen.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Citizen.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Citizen.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters: but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.— [*Exeunt Citizens.*
See whether their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Marullus. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flavius. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæsar. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæsar. Calpurnia!
Calpurnia. Here, my lord.
Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!
Antony. Cæsar, my lord!
Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Antony. I shall remember;
When Cæsar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd.
Cæsar. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Soothsayer. Cæsar!
Cæsar. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*
Cæsar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.
Cæsar. What man is that?
Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæsar. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Brutus and Cassius

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I 'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection by some other things.

Cassius. 'T is just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.' [*Shout.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cassius. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Enter CÆSAR *and his train.*

Brutus. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.
Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.
Brutus. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train;
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.
Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæsar. Antonius!
Antony. Cæsar?
Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'T is very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Cassius. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had

been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas, good soul!'—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit Casca.*

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise.
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius. I will do so;—till then, think of the world.—
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cicero. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I have not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—they are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cicero. Good night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter CASSIUS.

Cassius. Who 's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cassius. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*
Casca. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand;
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

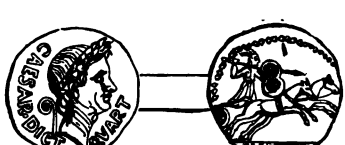
Cassius. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are.—
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party!
Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he 's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.—
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*



COIN OF CÆSAR.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Brutus. It must be by his death; and, for my part, 10

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd;—
How that might change his nature, there 's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed. [*Gives him the letter.*
Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Lucius. I know not, sir.
Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Lucius. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
'*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.*
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!'—
'Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[*Knocking within.*
Brutus. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.—
[*Exit Lucius.*
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone?
Lucius. No, sir; there are moe with him.
Brutus. Do you know them?
Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Brutus. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Brutus. He is welcome hither.
Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.
Brutus. He is welcome too.
Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Brutus. They are all welcome.—

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Decius. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.
Brutus. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cinna. No, by no means.
Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Brutus. O, name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cassius. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
Cassius. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murtherers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cassius. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*
Brutus. Peace! count the clock.
Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.
Trebonius. 'T is time to part.
Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Decius. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Brutus. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?
Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.
Cassius. The morning comes upon 's; we 'll leave you, Brutus.—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.—
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Portia. Brutus, my lord!

Brutus. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours

Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow,
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,

Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!— [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.— [*Exit Portia.*

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks?
Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?
Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Brutus. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR *in his night-gown.*

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murther Cæsar!'—Who 's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord?
Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Servant. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Calpurnia. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Calpurnia. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calpurnia. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Decius. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.
Calpurnia. Say, he is sick.
Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæsar. The cause is in my will; I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;

And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.
Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.
Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Publius. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæsar. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?

Brutus. Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.

Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within.—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius. Cæsar, I will.—[*Aside*] And so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæsar. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brutus. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

Artemidorus. *Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Lucius. To know my errand, madam.
Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
Lucius. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Lucius. I hear none, madam.
Portia. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Portia. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?
Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.
Portia. What is 't o'clock?
Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.
Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Soothsayer. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Soothsayer. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.
Portia. I must go in.—Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæsar. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What! is the fellow mad?

Publius. Sirrah, give place.

Cassius. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators take their seats.*

Decius. Where is Metelius Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus. He is address'd; press near and second him.
Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Casca. Are we all ready?
Cæsar. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.— [*Kneeling.*
Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæsar. What, Brutus!
Cassius. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæsar. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world; 't is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Cæsar!—

Cæsar. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius. Great Cæsar,—

Cæsar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute!—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Brutus. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus. Where 's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Brutus. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cassius. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.
Brutus. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where is Antony?
Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Brutus. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What! shall we forth?
Cassius. Ay, every man away;
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*
Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cassius. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!
Cassius. Mark Antony,—
Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.
Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Antony. That 's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside*] You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Brutus. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cassius. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming,
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Antony. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Citizen.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

3 *Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Citizen.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Citizen.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Citizen.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Citizen.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Citizen.* We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

2 *Citizen.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Citizen.* Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Citizen.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Citizen.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Citizen.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Citizen.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Citizen.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Citizen.* Nay, that 's certain ;
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Citizen.* Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1 *Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2 *Citizen.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
3 *Citizen.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4 *Citizen.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.
1 *Citizen.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 *Citizen.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 *Citizen.* There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 *Citizen.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 't is his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Citizen.* We 'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4 *Citizen.* Read the will! we 'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Citizen.* They were traitors! Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Citizen.* They were villains, murtherers! The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Citizen.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Citizen.* You shall have leave.

4 *Citizen.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Citizen.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Citizen.* Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through,
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Citizen.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Citizen.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Citizen.* O woful day!

4 *Citizen.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Citizen.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Citizen.* We will be reveng'd!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Citizen.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Citizen.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

1 *Citizen.* We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Citizen.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will!—let 's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 *Citizen.* Most noble Cæsar!—we 'll revenge his death.
3 *Citizen.* O royal Cæsar!
Antony. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
1 *Citizen.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 *Citizen.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Citizen.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Citizen.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*
Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Antony. Where is he?
Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA *the Poet.*

Cinna. I dream'd to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Citizen.* What is your name?
2 *Citizen.* Whither are you going?
3 *Citizen.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Citizen.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 *Citizen.* Answer every man directly.
1 *Citizen.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Citizen.* Ay, and wisely.
3 *Citizen.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Citizen.* That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry;—you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Citizen.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2 *Citizen.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Citizen.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Citizen.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Citizen.* Tear him to pieces, he 's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

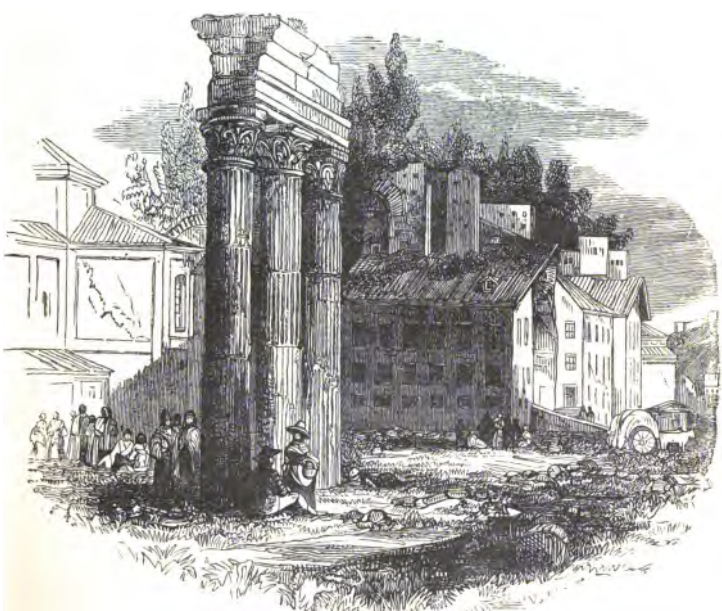
4 *Citizen.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. 31

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Citizen.* It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Citizen.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go!

[*Exeunt.*



ROMAN SOLDIERS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in Antony's House.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Antony. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Octavius. Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lep idus?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lepidus. What, shall I find you here?
Octavius. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Antony. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Octavius. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.
Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.
Octavius. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Antony. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,

Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property.—And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Octavius. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the Tent of Brutus, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* Soldiers; PINDARUS *meeting them;* LUCIUS *at a distance.*

Brutus. Stand, ho!
Lucilius. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Brutus. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Lucilius. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*
Brutus. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pindarus. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Brutus. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucilius. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Brutus. Hark, he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cassius. Stand, ho!

Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

1 *Soldier.* Stand.

2 *Soldier.* Stand.

3 *Soldier.* Stand.

Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Brutus. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Brutus. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of Brutus.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.
Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius. Chastisement!
Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius. Brutus, bay not me;
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cassius. I am.
Brutus. I say you are not.
Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Brutus. Away, slight man!
Cassius. Is 't possible?
Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cassius. Is it come to this?
Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cassius. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Brutus. If you did, I care not.
Cassius. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassius. I durst not?
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What? durst not tempt him?
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cassius. I denied you not.
Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart;
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cassius. You love me not.
Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus. And my heart too.
Cassius. O Brutus!—
Brutus. What 's the matter?
Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise within.*
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet
They be alone.
Lucilius. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cassius. How now? What 's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.
Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!
Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.
Brutus. I 'll know his humour when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools!—
Companion, hence!
Cassius. Away, away! be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!
Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Brutus. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.
Cassius. Ha! Portia?
Brutus. She is dead.
Cassius. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cassius. And died so?
Brutus. Even so.
Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Brutus. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Brutus. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?
Brutus. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Messala. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
Brutus. With what addition?
Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cassius. Cicero one?
Messala. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Brutus. No, Messala.
Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Brutus. Nothing, Messala.
Messala. That, methinks, is strange.
Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Messala. No, my lord.
Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cassius. I do not think it good.
Brutus. Your reason?
Cassius. This it is:
'T is better that the enemy seek us;

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence, whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassius. Hear me, good brother.

Brutus. Under your pardon.—You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cassius. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cassius. No more. Good night!
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown.—[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good
Messala!—

Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose!
Cassius. O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Brutus. Every thing is well.
Cassius. Good night, my lord!
Brutus. Good night, good brother!
Titinius, Messala. Good night, lord Brutus!
Brutus. Farewell, every one!—
[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*
Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Lucius. Here, in the tent.
Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?
Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Brutus. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*
Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Brutus. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Brutus. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Lucius. It is my duty, sir.
Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.
Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.— [*Music and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune.—O murtherous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music!—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see,—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of my eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Brutus. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[*Ghost vanishes.*

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Lucius. My lord!

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Varro. My lord!

Claudius. My lord!

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Varro, Claudius. Did we, my lord?

Brutus. Ay; saw you any thing?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places, and come down

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Brutus. They stand and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, 'Long live! Hail, Cæsar!'

Cassius. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless too.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cassius. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octavius. Come, come, the cause; if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Antony. Old Cassius still!

Octavius. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

Cassius. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucilius. My lord! [*Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.*
Cassius. Messala!
Messala. What says my general?
Cassius. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Messala. Believe not so.
Cassius. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.
Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together;
What are you then determined to do?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life,—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Brutus. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true, this parting was well made.

Brutus. Why, then lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

Cassius. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Pindarus goes up.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pindarus. [*Above*] O my lord!
Cassius. What news?
Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius!—
Now some light.—O, he lights too.—He 's ta'en;—and, hark!
They shout for joy. [*Shout.*
Cassius. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *comes down.*

Come hither, sirrah!
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pindarus. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Messala. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him?
Titinius. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Messala. Is not that he?
Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears;—I may say, thrusting it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.— [*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. *Enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.—
'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. *Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then* BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.*

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Soldier.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Soldier.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Soldier.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Soldier.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony. Where is he?

Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus. (Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion.) Hark thee, Clitus.— [*Whispering.*

Clitus. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace then! no words.

Clitus. I 'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O Dardanius!

Dardanius. O Clitus!

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord.

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Brutus. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon my eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within,* 'Fly, fly, fly!'

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly!

Brutus. Hence, I will follow.—

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first; fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the Army.*

Octavius. What man is that?

Messala. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucilius. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Octavius. Do so, good Messala.
Messala. How died my master, Strato?
Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'
Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field to rest, and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

COIN OF THE TRIUMVIRS.

ROMAN MATRON.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
Craik, Craik's *English of Shakespeare* (Rolfe's edition).
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
N., North's *Plutarch*.
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
Rich., Richardson's Dictionary (London, 1838).
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).
Wr., W. A. Wright's "Clarendon Press" ed. of *J. C.* (Oxford, 1878).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.

PLEBEIANS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the folio of 1623 the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes, and there is no list of *dramatis personæ*. The heading of Act I. is as follows: "*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima. Enter Flauius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.*" The spelling *Murellus* is found throughout the play, except in one instance (i. 2. 278), where we find "*Murrellus* and *Flauius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæsars* Images, are put to silence." The name in N. is *Marullus*, and Theo. corrected it here.

3. *Being mechanical.* "Cobblers, tapsters, or such like base mechanical people" (N.). S. uses both *mechanic* and *mechanical* as noun and as adjective. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 9: "rude mechanicals;" 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 38: "by most mechanical and dirty hand;" *Cor.* v. 3. 83: "Rome's mechanics;" *A. and C.* v. 2. 209: "mechanic slaves."

Ought not walk. On the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

4. *A labouring day.* As Craik remarks, *labouring* here is not the participle, but the verbal noun (or gerund) used as an adjective. Cf. the expressions *a walking-stick*, *a writing-desk*, etc. The participle in *-ing* is *active*, and it remains so when used as an adjective; as in *a labouring man*, etc. When used as a noun, which rarely occurs in English, it denotes the *agent.* Thus "the erring" means *those who err*, as *amans* in Latin means a *lover.* The verbal noun in *-ing*, on the other hand, denotes the *act* (as "labouring is wearisome"), like the Latin gerund *amandi*, etc. This verbal noun is commonly called a "participial noun" in the grammars, but it has no etymological connection with the participle. In early English (as in A. S.) the two had different forms. The ending of the participle was *ande* (*and*), *ende* (*end*), or *inde*, and that of the verbal noun was *ing* or *ung;* but the former went out of use, and the latter came to do service for both. This change began before the year 1300, but in the time of Chaucer the old participial ending was still occasionally used, and it is found in Scotch writers even to the end of the sixteenth century.

The following are examples of the participle and the verbal noun used with their appropriate endings in the same sentence:

"Hors, or hund, or othir thing
That war plesand to their liking."—*Barbour* (1357).

"Full low inclinand to their queen full clear
Whom for their noble nourishing they thank."—*Dunbar* (*Ellis's Spec.*).

5. *What trade art thou?* Either *trade* is equivalent to *tradesman* (as Craik makes it), or *of* is understood. Cf. Gr. 202. On the use of *thou* and *you* in S., see Gr. 232.

6. 1 *Citizen.* The folio has "*Car.*" (that is, *Carpenter*), and for 2 *Citizen* either "*Cobl.*" or "*Cob.*" (*Cobbler*).

12. *Answer me directly.* That is, explicitly, without ambiguity. Cf. iii. 3. 9 below. It is hardly necessary to say that *cobbler* meant not only a mender of shoes, but a clumsy workman at any trade; and the latter sense is not wholly unknown even now.

14. *A mender of bad soles.* For the quibble, cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 123: "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew." Malone quotes Fletcher's *Woman Pleased:*

"If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;
Every man shall have a special care of his own *soul*,
And carry in his pocket his two confessors."

15. *What trade, thou knave?* The folio gives this speech to *Flavius*, but the "Mend *me*, thou saucy fellow?" shows that it belongs to *Marullus.*

16. *Be not out with me*, etc. The play upon *out with* and *out* (*at the toes*) is obvious.

24. *But withal*, etc. This is the folio reading, and may well enough be retained. "What the cobbler means to say is, that although he meddles not with tradesmen's matters or women's matters, he is withal (making at the same time his little pun) a surgeon to old shoes" (W.). K. and Coll. print "but with all. I am," etc. D., the Camb. ed., and H. have "but with awl. I am," etc.

25. *As proper men*, etc. See *M. of V.* p. 132 (note on *A proper man's picture*), and cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 62: "as proper a man as ever went on four legs;" and *Id.* ii. 2. 73: "any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather."

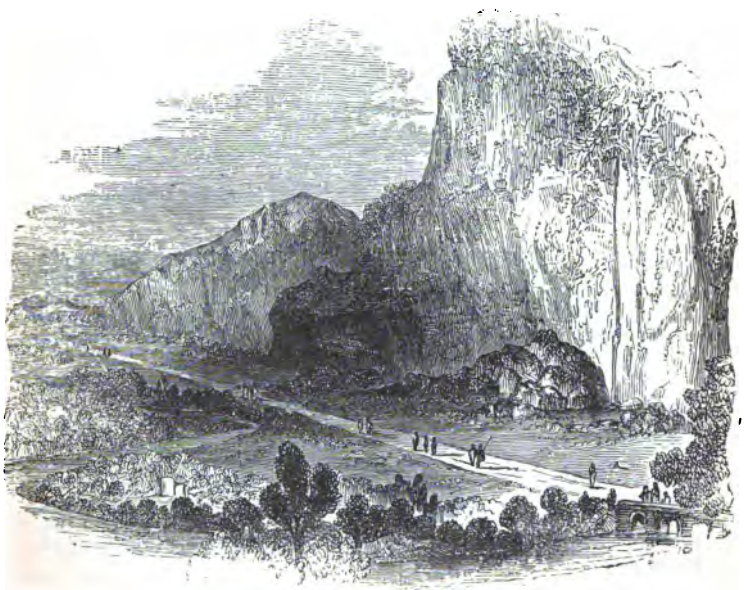
31. *His triumph.* This was in honour of his successes in Spain, whence he had returned late in the preceding September, after defeating the sons of Pompey at the battle of Munda (March 17th, B.C. 45). It was Cæsar's fifth and last triumph.

37. *Many a time.* Trench (*English Past and Present*) explains "many a man" as a corruption of "many of men;" but Abbott (Gr. 85) shows that the "many" is probably used as an adverb. Cf. the German *mancher* (adj.) *Mann* with *manch* (adv.) *ein Mann*, etc. In A. S. the idiom was *many man*, not *many a man*.

42. *Pass the streets.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 3. 24: "the ways are dangerous to pass." See Gr. 198.

43. *And when you saw his chariot but appear.* That is, saw but his chariot appear. See Gr. 129 and 420.

45. *That Tiber trembled*, etc. On this common ellipsis of *so* before *that*, see Gr. 283. The river is here personified as feminine; as in i. 2. 101 below (see note there). Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iii. 359:



ROMAN HIGHWAY ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.

"the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream."

51. *Replication of.* Reply to, echo of.

52. *Be gone!* On these brief "interjectional lines," see Gr. 512.

58. *Tiber banks.* This use of proper names as adjectives is common in S. Cf. v. 5. 19 below: "Here in Philippi fields." See Gr. 22.

61. *Whether.* The folio prints "where" here, as in v. 4. 30 below; but it often has *whether* when the word is a monosyllable (see on ii. 1. 194 below). Cf. Gr. 466. Some modern eds. read "whe'r" or "whêr."

Metal. Used interchangeably with *mettle* in the early eds. See *K. John*, p. 148.

65. *Deck'd with ceremonies.* This is the reading of the folio, and is retained by all the editors except W. and H., who have "ceremony." *Ceremonies* may mean "honorary ornaments" (Malone), or what are afterwards called "Cæsar's trophies," and described as "scarfs" hung on his images. Wr. compares *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 109: "his ceremonies laid by," etc.

67. *The feast of Lupercal.* The Lupercal was a cavern in the Palatine Hill, sacred to Lupercus, the old Italian god of fertility, who came to be identified with Pan. Thus Virgil (*Æn.* viii. 344) speaks of the place as

"sub rupe Lupercal
Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycaei."

Here the feast of the *Lupercalia* was held every year, in the month of February. After certain sacrifices and other rites, the *Luperci* (or priests of Lupercus) ran through the city wearing only a cincture of goatskin, and striking with leather thongs all whom they met. This performance was a symbolic purification of the land and the people. The festal day was called *dies februata* (from *februare*, to purify), the month in which it occurred *Februarius*, and the god himself *Februus*.

73. *Pitch.* A technical term for the height to which a falcon soars. See *Rich. II.* p. 153.

SCENE II.—The heading in the folio is, "*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flauius.*" *Calphurnia* is the name of Cæsar's wife throughout the play, and also in N. (eds. of 1579 and 1612*), though Craik and W. say that it is *Calpurnia* in the latter authority. *Calpurnia* was the classical form of the name.

Decius. His true name was *Decimus Brutus.* "The error, however, is as old as the edition of Plutarch's Greek text produced by Henry Stephens in 1572; and it occurs likewise in the accompanying Latin translation, and both in Amyot's and Dacier's French, as well as in North's English. It is also found in Philemon Holland's translation of *Suetonius*, published in 1606. Lord Stirling, in his *Julius Cæsar*, probably misled in like manner by North, has fallen into the same mistake" (Craik). It may be noted, also, that it was this Decimus Brutus who had been the special favourite of Cæsar, and not Marcus Junius Brutus, as represented in the play.

* In some later editions (as in that of 1676) the name is changed to *Calpurnia*.

3. *In Antonius' way.* The folio has "in *Antonio's* way;" and in other names ending in *-ius* it often gives the Italian form in *-io*, which was more familiar to the actors of the time.

Antony was the head or chief of a third "college" of *Luperci* that had been added to the original two in honour of Cæsar.

4. *When he doth run his course.* Cf. N.* (*Life of Cæsar*): "At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of Shepheards or Herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lycæians in Arcadia. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble men's sons, young men (and some of them Magistrates themselves that govern them), which run naked through the City, striking in sport them they meet in their way with Leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble Women and Gentlewomen also, go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as Scholars hold them out to their Schoolmaster, to be stricken with the ferula; perswading themselves that, being with Child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with Child. . . . Antonius, who was Consull at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course."

11. *Set on.* Set out, proceed. Cf. v. 2. 3 below; and see *Hen. VIII.* p. 180.

15. *Press.* Crowd. Cf. *R. of L.* 1301, 1408, etc.; also *Mark*, ii. 4.

17. *Ides of March.* In the Roman calendar the Ides fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and the 13th of the other months.

18. *A soothsayer bids.* Some put a comma after *soothsayer*, as if there were an ellipsis of *who* (Gr. 244). On the measure, see Gr. 460.

23. *Sennet.* A particular set of notes on a trumpet. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 176.

27. *Quick.* Lively, sprightly; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 399, v. 2. 11, etc.

30. *That gentleness . . . as.* See Gr. 280, and cf. 170 below.

36. *Merely upon myself.* Altogether upon myself. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated.* Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 1. 4: "narrations which are merely and sincerely natural;" *Id.* ii. 25. 9: "which do make men merely aliens and disincorporate from the Church of God;" *Essay* 27: "it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends."

37. *Passions of some difference.* "With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires" (Johnson).

38. *Proper to myself.* Peculiar to myself; my own. See Gr. 16, and cf. *Temp.* p. 133, note on *Their proper selves.*

39. *Behaviours.* For the plural, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 9, 100, *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 234, etc.

45. *Mistook your passion.* See *M. of V.* p. 141 (note on *Not undertook*) or Gr. 343. On *passion*=feeling, see *M. of V.* p. 157.

47. *Cogitations.* Thoughts. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. introd.: "I may excite your princely cogitations to visit the excellent treasure of your own mind," etc. See also *Dan.* vii. 28.

49. *The eye sees not itself.* Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 106:

* All our quotations from North's *Plutarch* are from the edition of 1676.

"nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself."

Steevens quotes Sir John Davies, *Nosce Teipsum* (1599):

—"the mind is like the eye,
* * * * * *
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees."

50. *But by reflection by some other things.* This is the folio reading, retained by K. and Wr. Pope reads "from some other things;" D. and H. have "from some other thing;" and W., "by some other thing." If *by* is what S. wrote, it is probably *equivalent* to "by means of" or "from." Cf. the peculiar uses of *by* noted in Gr. 146. Even now we may say "being reflected by some other thing."

52. *Mirrors.* Walker, D., and H. read "mirror."

55. *The best respect.* The highest respectability or estimation. Cf. v. 5. 45 below.

62. *Therefore, good Brutus,* etc. "The eager, impatient temper of Cassius, absorbed in his own idea, is vividly expressed by his thus continuing his argument as if without appearing to have even heard Brutus's interrupting question; for such is the only interpretation which his *therefore* would seem to admit of" (Craik).

67. *Jealous on me.* Distrustful or suspicious of me. See *M. of V.* p. 143 (note on *Glad on 't*), or Gr. 180.

68. *A common laugher.* The folio has "common laughter." Pope substituted *laugher*, which has been adopted by all the more recent editors. Wr., however, thinks "laughter" may be right (=laughing-stock). As Craik remarks, "neither word seems to be perfectly satisfactory." A friend suggests "lover" as being in harmony with the context.

69. *To stale with ordinary oaths,* etc. Johnson (followed by W.) explains this, "to invite every new protester to my affection by the stale, or allurement, of customary oaths." On this sense of *stale*, see *Temp.* p. 137. But here (as Craik suggests) the word doubtless means "to make stale," or common. Cf. iv. 1. 38 below: "stal'd by other men;" *A. and C.* ii. 2. 240: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety," etc.

72. *Scandal.* Defame, traduce. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 44: "Scandal'd the suppliants for the people," etc. See also *Temp.* p. 136. On the adverbial *after*, see Gr. 26.

73. *Profess myself.* "Make protestations of friendship" (Schmidt).

81. *Toward.* Wr. believes that the word, when a dissyllable, is always accented by S. on the first syllable; not only here, but in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 92, *M. of V.* v. 1. 5, and *A. and C.* iii. 10. 31.

82. *Set honour in one eye,* etc. Johnson explains this as follows: "When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*, but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above life." Coleridge says: "Warburton would read *death* for *both;* but I prefer the old text. There are here three things—the public good, the individual Brutus's honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay—the thought growing—that honour had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted

with Brutus." Craik remarks: "It does not seem to be necessary to suppose any such change or growth either of the image or the sentiment. What Brutus means by saying that he will look upon honour and death indifferently, if they present themselves together, is merely that, for the sake of the honour, he will not mind the death, or the risk of death, by which it may be accompanied; he will look as fearlessly and steadily upon the one as upon the other. He will think the honour to be cheaply purchased even by the loss of life; that price will never make him falter or hesitate in clutching at such a prize. He must be understood to set honour above life from the first; that he should ever have felt otherwise for a moment would have been the height of the unheroic."

On *indifferently*, cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. introd.: "I for my part shall be indifferently glad either to perform myself, or accept from another, that duty of humanity." See also *Cor.* ii. 2. 19.

84. *Speed.* Prosper; as in ii. 4. 41 below.

87. *Your outward favour.* Your face, or personal appearance. Cf. ii. 1. 76 below; and Bacon, *Ess.* 27 (ed. of 1625): "For, as *S. James* saith, they are as Men, *that looke sometimes into a Glasse, and presently forget their own Shape, & Favour.*" See also *Proverbs*, xxxi. 30.

97. *The troubled Tiber chafing*, etc. See Gr. 376. *Chafe* (the Latin *calefacere*, through the Fr. *échauffer* and *chauffer*) meant, first, to warm; then, to warm by rubbing; and then simply to rub—either literally, as here, or in a figurative sense =to irritate; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 123: "What, are you chaf'd?" Cf. 2 *Sam.* xvii. 8.

Here, as in i. 1. 45 above, some editors have changed *her* to "his," because *Tiber* is masculine in Latin; but, as Craik remarks, "this is to give us both language and a conception different from Shakespeare's." It was not the Roman river-god that he had in mind in these personifications of the stream.

THE RIVER-GOD TIBER.

104. *With lusty sinews.* With vigorous sinews. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 119: "in lusty stroke," etc. *Lusty* is "from the Saxon *lust* in its primary sense of eager desire, or intense longing, indicating a corresponding intensity of bodily vigour" (*Bible Word-Book*). See *Judges*, iii. 29.

105. *Hearts of controversy.* "With courage that opposed and contended with the violence of the stream" (Wr.).

106. *Arrive.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 8: "have arriv'd our coast;" Milton, *P. L.* ii. 409: "Ere he arrive The happy isle." See Gr. 198.

118. *His coward lips*, etc. "There can, I think, be no question that Warburton is right in holding that we have here a pointed allusion to a soldier flying from his colours. . . . The figure is quite in Shakespeare's manner and spirit" (Craik).

119. *And that same eye whose bend*, etc. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 13: "wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks." *Bend* occurs elsewhere only in *A. and C.* ii. 2. 213 (see our ed. p. 183).

120. *His lustre.* That is, *its* lustre. See Gr. 228.

125. *Of such a feeble temper.* That is, "temperament, constitution" (D.). Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 20: "a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree," etc.

131. *Man.* "Cassius grows more familiar as Brutus is more moved" (Wr.).

138. *What should be in that Cæsar?* On *should*, see Gr. 325.

139. *More than yours.* In the folio, "more then yours;" and *then* is the invariable form in that edition, as in Bacon, Hooker, etc. Usage had varied. Wiclif has *than* for both *than* and *then*, while Tyndale has *then* for both. Milton has *than* for *then* in the *Hymn on the Nativity*, 88:

> "Full little thought they than
> That the mighty Pan
> Was kindly come to live with them below."

147. *Noble bloods.* Cf. iv. 3. 260 below: "young bloods;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 278: "As many and as well-born bloods," etc.

148. *The great flood.* The deluge of Deucalion. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 442 and *Cor.* ii. 1. 102.

149. *Fam'd with.* Famed for, or made famous by. Cf. Gr. 193, 194.

151. *Wide walls.* The folio has "wide Walkes," which K. and St. retain. Coll., D., W., Wr., and H. adopt Rowe's correction of "walls."

152. *Rome indeed and room enough.* "Evidence this that 'Rome' was pronounced *room*, or 'room' *rome*" (W.). Cf. below, iii. 1. 290: "No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;" *K. John*, iii. 1. 180: "I have room with Rome to curse a while." St. quotes Prime, *Commentary on Galatians* (1587): "Rome is too narrow a Room for the Church of God." In 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 51, the Bishop of Winchester says, "Rome shall remedy this," and Warwick replies, "Roam thither then." W. infers from this play upon *Rome* and *roam* (together with the fact that *room* was often spelled *rome*) that all three words were pronounced with the long sound of *o*; but it is not impossible that *a* was sometimes pronounced *oo*. In our day *loom* is the rustic pronunciation of *lam*. It is more probable, however, that Craik and Earle (*Philology of English Tongue*, 1871) are right in assuming that in the time of S. the modern pronunciation of *Rome* was beginning to be heard, although the other was more common.

OLD WALLS OF ROME.

153. *But one only man.* Cf. Hooker, *Eccl. Pol.* i. 25: "one only God;' i. 10. 14: "one only family," etc. Gr. 130.

155. *There was a Brutus once.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who brought about the expulsion of Tarquinius Superbus. Cf. i. 3. 145 below.

156. *The eternal devil.* Johnson thought that S. wrote "infernal devil." Steevens explains thus: "L. J. Brutus (says Cassius) would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a demon as to the lasting government of a king." Abbott (Gr. p. 16) considers it one of the exceptions to the exactness with which the poet used words that were "the recent inventions of the age." Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 130: "eternal villain;" *Ham.* v. 2. 376: "eternal cell." Wr. compares the Yankee "tarnal."

Keep his state. Maintain his dignity; or, perhaps, keep his throne. Cf. *Mach.* p. 214, note on *Her state.*

158. *Nothing jealous.* Nowise doubtful. Cf. 67 above; and see also *T. of S.* iv. 5. 76: "For our first merriment hath made thee jealous," etc.

159. *I have some aim.* I can partly guess, or conjecture. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 28: "fearing lest my jealous aim might err," etc.

162. *So with love.* On *so* (=if, provided that), see Gr. 133.

167. *Chew upon this.* "We have lost the Saxon word in this application, but we retain the metaphor, only translating *chew* into the Latin equivalent, *ruminate*" (Craik).

168. *Brutus had rather be*, etc. See *M. of V.* p. 132, note on 43. The superlative *rathest* is found in Bacon, *Colours of Good and Evil*, i.: "whome next themselves they would rathest commend."

169. *Than to repute.* See *Temp.* p. 131 (note on 62), or Gr. 350.

177. *What hath proceeded worthy note.* What hath happened. On the ellipsis, see Gr. 198*a*.

178. *Cassius.* Here a trisyllable, as in several other instances. See Gr. 479.

182. *Such ferret and such fiery eyes.* The ferret has red eyes.

183. *As we have seen him.* That is, seen him look with. See Gr. 384.

184. *Cross'd in conference.* Opposed in debate. D. and H. read "senator."

188. *Let me have men about me*, etc. Cf. N. (*Life of Cæsar*): "*Cæsar* also had *Cassius* in great jealousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said upon a time to his friends, what will *Cassius* do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when *Cæsars* friends complained unto him of *Antonius* and *Dolabella*, that they pretended some mischief towards him: he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carrion lean People, I fear them most, meaning *Brutus* and *Cassius*." So also, in *Life of Brutus:* "For, intelligence being brought him one day that *Antonius* and *Dolabella* did conspire against him: he answered, That these fat long haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and whitely faced fellows, meaning that by *Brutus* and *Cassius*."

189. *O' nights.* The folio has "a-nights." See Gr. 182, and cf. 176 and 24.

190. *Yond.* Often printed "Yond'," but not a contraction of *yonder*. See *Temp.* p. 121, note on 407.

193. *Well given.* Well disposed. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 72: "too well given," etc. In 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3, we have both "virtuously given" (16) and "given to virtue" (38).

195. *Liable to fear.* Liable to the imputation of fear.

200. *He hears no music.* Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 83: "The man that hath not music in himself," etc.

201. *Seldom he smiles.* He seldom smiles. Cf. just below, "for always I am Cæsar," and see Gr. 421.

204. *Such men as he be never at heart's ease.* On *be*, see *M. of V.* p. 134 (note on 19), and Gr. 300. On *at*, see Gr. 144. We still say *at ease*.

205. *Whiles.* See *M. of V.* p. 133, or Gr. 137.

212. *Tell us what hath chanc'd.* W. says that the folio has "*had* chanc'd," but he must have been looking at the next speech of Brutus. Here the folio reading is, "I *Caska*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to-day;" there, "I should not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd."

213. *Sad.* Grave, serious. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 141, note on 179.

220. *Why, there was a crown*, etc. The editors generally quote here Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, but it seems to us that the account given in the *Life of Antonius* is more in keeping with Casca's way of telling the story: "When he [Antony] was come to *Cæsar*, he made his fellow Runners with him lift him up, and so he did put his Lawrell Crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be King. But *Cæsar* making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The People were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. *Antonius* again did put it on his head: *Cæsar* again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as *Antonius* did put this Lawrell Crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoyced at it: and as oft also as *Cæsar* refused it, all the People together clapped their hands. . . . *Cæsar* in a rage arose out of his Seat, and plucking down the choller of his Gown from his neck, he shewed it naked, bidding any man strike off his head that would. This Lawrell Crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of *Cæsar's* Statues or Images, the which one of the Tribunes pluckt off. The People liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit *Cæsar* did turn them out of their offices for it." According to the *Life of Cæsar*, his "tearing open his Doublet Coller," and offering his throat to be cut, was among his friends *in his own house*, and on a different occasion, namely, when "the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole Assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the Market-place, where he was set by the Pulpit for Orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence," and he offended them by "sitting still in his Majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in." The historian adds that, "afterwards to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling-Evill, when standing on their feet they speak to the common People, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their Body, and a suddain dimness and giddiness." The Lupercalia and the offering of the crown are then described as occurring *after* this insult to "the Magistrates of the Commonwealth."

224. *Ay, marry, was 't.* On *marry* (=*Mary*), see *M. of V.* p. 138.

225. *Than other.* Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 86: "Both one and the other," etc. Gr. 12.

238. *The rabblement shouted.* The folio has "howted," which is doubtless a misprint for "showted," as the word is spelled just above in "mine honest neighbours showted." Johnson and K. have "hooted," which is not consistent with the context, as it expresses "insult, not applause."

241. *He swooned.* The folio has "hee swoonded," and below, "what, did *Cæsar* swound?" Cf. *R. of L.* 1486 (see our ed. p. 195).

247. *'T is very like*, etc. *Like* for *likely*, as very often. The folio reads, "'T is very like he hath the Falling sicknesse," and Coll. adheres to that pointing. But Brutus knew that Cæsar was subject to these epileptic attacks. Cf. N.: "For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to head-ach, and other while to the falling-sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in CORDUBA, a City of SPAIN), but yet therefore yielded not to the disease

of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withall, but contrarily, took the pains of War, as a Medicine to cure his sick body, fighting alwaies with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the Field."

251. *Tag-rag.* Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 248: "Will you hence, before the tag return?" Coll. quotes John Partridge, 1566:

> "To walles they goe, both tagge and ragge,
> Their citie to defende."

253. *No true man.* No honest man. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 46: "Every true man's apparel fits your thief;" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 187: "a true man or a thief;" *Cymb.* ii. 3. 77: "hangs both thief and true man," etc.

256. *Pluck'd me ope his doublet.* On *me*, see *M. of V.* p. 135 (note on *Pill'd me*) and Gr. 220. On *ope*, see Gr. 343, 290.

As Wr. remarks, "no doubt on the stage Julius Cæsar appeared in doublet and hose like an Englishman of Shakespeare's time."

257. *An I had.* The folio has "and I had." See Gr. 101 fol.

258. *A man of any occupation.* "A mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat" (Johnson). Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 97: "the voice of occupation and The breath of garlic-eaters." W. suggests that it may mean "a man of action, a busy man." As Wr. says, both senses may be combined.

259. *At a word.* At his word. Elsewhere the phrase = *in* a word. Cf. *Cor.* i. 3. 122: "No, at a word, madam;" *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 118: "At a word, I am not." See also *M. W.* i. 1. 109, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 319, etc. Wr. makes the phrase here = "at the least hint, quickly."

273. *All Greek to me.* Casca is joking here, if we may take Plutarch's testimony concerning his knowledge of Greek. See N., p. 156 below.

279. *I am promised forth.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 11: "I am bid forth to supper," and "I have no mind of feasting forth to-night." See Gr. 41.

286. *He was quick mettle.* The Coll. MS. has "mettled." Walker suggests "metal," referring to *blunt.* See on i. 1. 61 above.

290. *This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit*, etc. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 102:

> "This is some fellow,
> Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
> A saucy roughness."

300. *From that it is disposed.* From that *to which* it is disposed. Cf. iii. 2. 250 below; and see Gr. 244 (cf. 394).

302. *So firm that cannot.* See Gr. 279.

303. *Doth bear me hard.* "Does not like me, bears me a grudge" (Craik); like the Latin *aegre ferre* (Wr.). Cf. ii. 1. 215: "Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard;" and iii. 1. 158: "if you bear me hard." The expression occurs nowhere else in S. Hales quotes B. J., *Catiline*, iv. 5: "Ay, though he bear me hard," etc.

305. *He should not humour me.* "He (that is, Brutus) should not cajole me as I do him" (Warb.). "'Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me,' should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles" (Johnson). See *Addenda*, p. 188.

306. *In several hands.* Referring to *writings* below. Cf. Gr. 419*a*.

315. *Seat him sure.* See Gr. 223 and 1. On the rhyming couplet at the end of a scene, see Gr. 515.

SCENE III.—1. *Brought you Cæsar home?* On *bring*=accompany, escort, cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 197: "I pray you, bring me on the way a little," etc. See also *Gen.* xviii. 16, *Acts*, xxi. 5, 2 *Cor.* i. 16.

3. *The sway of earth.* "The whole weight or momentum of this world" (Johnson). "The balanced swing of earth" (Craik).

4. *Unfirm.* S. uses both *infirm* and *unfirm*—each four times. See *M. of V.* p. 155 (note on *Uncapable*) or Gr. 442.

8. *To be exalted with.* That is, in the effort to rise to that height; or, possibly, *so as* to rise to the clouds.

10. *A tempest dropping fire.* The folio has "a Tempest-dropping-fire;" corrected by Rowe.

13. *Destruction.* Here a quadrisyllable. See Gr. 479.

14. *Any thing more wonderful.* Abbott (Gr. 6) explains this as "more wonderful than usual;" Craik, "anything more that was wonderful." Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 62:

> "The slave's report is seconded, and more,
> More fearful, is delivered."

15. *You know him well by sight.* This is a stumbling-block to some of the commentators. D. suggests (and H. reads) "you'd know him," and Craik "you knew him," in the sense of "would have known him;" but, as Wr. notes, "the slaves had no distinctive dress." It is nothing strange that both Cicero and Casca should happen to know a particular slave by sight, and it is natural enough that Casca, in referring to him here, should say, And you yourself know the man. "It is simply a graphic touch" (Wr.).

On this whole passage, cf. N. (*Life of Cæsar*): "Certainly, destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderfull Signs that were said to be seen before *Cæsars* death. For, touching the Fires in the Element, and Spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary Birds to be seen at noon days sitting in the great Market-place, are not all these Signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But *Strabo* the philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a Slave of the Souldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt: when the Fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. *Cæsar* self also doing Sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the Beasts which was sacrificed had no Heart: and that was a strange thing in nature: how a Beast could live without a Heart."

20. *A lion Who*, etc. See *M. of V.* p. 144 (note on 4), or Gr. 264. The folio has "glaz'd vpon me." Pope substituted *glar'd*, and the Coll. MS. has the same. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 25: "Look, how he stands and glares!" See also *Macb.* iii. 4. 96, etc.

22. *Annoying.* Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 156: "Good angels guard thee from the boor's annoy!" Chaucer (*Persones Tale*) speaks of a man as *annoying* his neighbour by burning his house, or poisoning him, and the like.

"Against the Capitol I met a lion."

Drawn Upon a heap. Crowded together. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 5. 18: "Let us on heaps go offer up our lives;" *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 53: "Among this princely heap," etc.

30. *These are their reasons.* Such and such are their reasons. Cf. ii. 1. 31 below: "Would run to these and these extremities." The Coll. MS. has "seasons," which H. adopts.

32. *Climate.* Region, clime. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 130: "in a Christian climate;" and Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 6. 10: "the southern stars were in that climate unseen." The word is used as a verb in *W. T.* v. 1. 170: "whilst you Do climate here."

35. *Clean from.* Quite away from. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 366: "clean out of the way," etc. See also *Ps.* lxxvii. 8, *Isa.* xxiv. 19, etc. On *from*, see Gr. 158, and cf. 64 below.

40. *Not to walk in.* That is, not fit to walk in. See Gr. 405.

42. *What night is this!* Craik reads "What a night," but this is a needless marring of the metre. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 53:

> "What fool is she that knows I am a maid,
> And would not force the letter to my view!"

and *T. N.* ii. 5. 123:

> "*Fabian.* What dish o' poison has she dressed him!
> *Sir Toby.* And with what wing the staniel checks at it!"

For other examples, see Gr. 86.

47. *Submitting me.* Exposing myself. Gr. 223.

49. *The thunder-stone.* "The imaginary product of the thunder, which the ancients called *Brontia*, mentioned by Pliny (*N. H.* xxxvii. 10) as a species of gem, and as that which, falling with the lightning, does the mischief. It is the fossil commonly called the Belemnite, or Finger-stone, and now

known to be a shell. We still talk of the *thunder-bolt*, which, however, is commonly confounded with the lightning. The *thunder-stone* was held to be quite distinct from the lightning, as may be seen from *Cymb.* iv. 2. 270:

"'*Guiderius.* Fear no more the lightning-flash.
Arviragus. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone.'

It is also alluded to in *Oth.* v. 2. 235:

"'Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?'" (Craik)

60. *Case yourself in wonder.* The folio has "cast your selfe in wonder," which is retained by Coll., C., St., and the Camb. ed. D., W., and H. have *case*, which was independently suggested by Swynfen Jervis and M. W. Williams. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 146: "attir'd in wonder." Wr. explains "cast yourself in" as = "hastily dress yourself in."

64. *Why birds and beasts*, etc. That is, why they change their natures. See on 35 above. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 104: "Quite from his nature." For *kind*=nature, see *A. and C.* p. 216, note on 262.

65. *Why old men fool*, etc. "Why old men become fools, and children prudent" (W.). The folio reads, "Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate;" and so K. and Craik. Coll. and St. have "Why old men fools"—that is, why we have old men fools. D., W., the Camb. editors, and H. read *Why old men fool*, which was suggested by Mitford. On *fool*, see Gr. 290.

66. *Their ordinance.* What they were ordained to be.

71. *Some monstrous state.* Some monstrous or unnatural state of things. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 176: "this enormous state;" and see our ed. p. 206.

74. *As doth the lion in the Capitol.* "That is, roars in the Capitol as doth the lion" (Craik). Wr. thinks that S. imagined lions kept in the Capitol, as in the Tower of London.

75. *Than thyself or me.* On *me*, see Gr. 210.

76. *Prodigious.* Portentous; as always in S. except in *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 4: "the prodigious son" (Launce's blunder for "prodigal son"). Cf. B. and F., *Philaster*, v. 1: "like a prodigious meteor;" and see Gr. p. 13.

80. *Thews and limbs.* Here *thews* means muscular powers, as in the two other instances (*2 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 276, and *Ham.* i. 3. 12) in which S. uses the word. It is from the A. S. *theow* or *theoh*, whence also *thigh*, and must not be confounded with the obsolete *thews*=manners, or qualities of mind, from the A. S. *theaw*. This latter *thews* is common in Chaucer, Spenser, and other early writers; the former is found very rarely before S.'s day.

81. *Woe the while.* Alas for the time! See Gr. 137 (cf. 230).

82. *Govern'd with.* On *with* (=by) see Gr. 193.

94. *Can be retentive*, etc. "Can retain or confine the spirit" (Craik).

96. *Power.* Here a dissyllable. Gr. 480.

100. *So every bondman*, etc. There is a play on *bond*; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 77: "Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray!" Cf. also *Cymb.* v. 4. 28: "And cancel these cold bonds" (that is, his *chains*); *Macb.* iii. 2 49:

"And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!"

113. *My answer must be made.* "I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words" (Johnson).

115. *Such a man That is no fleering tell-tale.* On *such . . . that*, see Gr. 279. *Fleering*=grinning, sneering. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 58: "never fleer and jest at me;" and see our ed. p. 162.

116. *Hold, my hand.* Here, take my hand. St. omits the comma after "Hold." Craik interprets the passage thus: "Have, receive, take hold (of it); there is my hand." But *hold* is probably a mere interjection, as often in S., and not an imperative with object "understood." Cf. *Mach.* ii. 1. 4: "Hold, take my sword;" *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 92: "Hold, take my ring," etc. This *hold* is of course identical with the *reflexive* verb which we have below (v. 3. 85): "But hold thee, take this garland," etc.

117. *Be factious*, etc. "*Factious* seems here to mean *active*" (Johnson). Coleridge says, "I understand it thus: You have spoken as a conspirator; be so in *fact*, and I will join you." It may, however, have its ordinary meaning (given to faction), as it does in every other instance in S. *Griefs* here =*grievances*. Cf. iii. 2. 211 and iv. 2. 42, 46 below.

119. *As who goes farthest.* On *who*, see Gr. 257.

122. *Undergo.* Undertake. Cf. *W. T.* p. 202.

123. *Honourable-dangerous.* See Gr. 2. Some print "bloody-fiery" in 129 below.

125. *Pompey's porch.* A large building connected with Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus Martius.

127. *The element.* The heaven, or sky. Cf. N. (*Life of Pompey*): "the dust in the element" (that is, in the air); and the quotation in note on 15 above: "the Fires in the Element." See also Milton, *Comus*, 298:

> "I took it for a faery vision
> Of some gay creatures of the element,
> That in the colours of the rainbow live,
> And play in the plighted clouds."

128. *In favour's like.* In aspect is like. The folio reads, "Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand." Johnson proposed "In favour's," which K., D., W., and the Camb. ed. adopt. Steevens suggested "'It favours,' or 'Is favoured' (so H.);" and Reed, "Is fev'rous," quoting in support of it *Mach.* ii. 3. 66: "the earth Was feverous, and did shake."

133. *To find out you.* To find you out. See Gr. 240.

134. *One incorporate To our attempt.* "One united with us in our enterprise" (Craik). Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 2. 12: "not incorporate into the history." See Gr. 342 and 187. The folio has "To our Attempts," which is retained by K. and the Camb. ed. The correction is Walker's.

137. *There's two or three.* See *Temp.* p. 122 (note on *There is no more such shapes*), or Gr. 335.

143. *Where Brutus may but find it.* On *but*, see Gr. 128.

145. *Upon old Brutus' statue.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "But for *Brutus*, his friends and Countreymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumors of the City, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor *Junius Brutus*

(that drave the Kings out of ROME) they wrote: O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, *Brutus!* and again, That thou were here among us now! His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bills: *Brutus* thou art asleep, and art not *Brutus* indeed."

151. *Pompey's theatre.* This was the first stone theatre that had been built at Rome, and was modelled after one that Pompey had seen at Mitylene. It was large enough to accommodate forty thousand spectators. At its opening in B.C. 55, the games exhibited by Pompey lasted many days, and consisted of dramatic representations, contests of gymnasts and of gladiators, and fights of wild beasts. Five hundred African lions were killed, and eighteen elephants were brought into the arena, most of which fell before Gætulian huntsmen.

153. *Three parts of him Is ours.* See Gr. 333.

158. *Alchemy.* For the allusion to the art of changing base metals to gold, cf. *Sonn.* 33. 4: "Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 78:

> "the glorious sun
> Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
> Turning with splendour of his precious eye
> The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold."

161. *Conceited.* Conceived, imagined; as in iii. 1. 193 below. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 149: "one that so imperfectly conceits," etc.

POMPEY.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The heading in the folio is, "*Enter Brutus in his Orchard.*" *Orchard* in S. is "generally synonymous with garden" (D.). The word is the A. S. *ortgeard*, or *wyrtgeard* (wort-yard or plant-yard), not a tautological compound of the Latin *hortus* and the A. S. *geard*, as Earle (*Philology of English Tongue*, 1871) and others have made it. The "private arbours and new-planted orchards" of iii. 2. 247 below are the "*gardens* and arbours" of N.

1. *What, Lucius!* See *M. of V.* p. 141 (note on *What, Jessica!*), *Temp.* p. 119 (on *Come, thou tortoise! when?*), and Gr. 73*a*. Cf. 5 just below.

3. *How near to day.* How near it is to day. Gr. 403.

10. *It must be by his death*, etc. Coleridge remarks: "This speech is singular—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus's character to appear. For surely—(this, I mean, is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight, only modified by my experience in how many instances I have ripened into a perception of beauties where I had before descried faults)—surely nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not crossed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate? Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" As Wr. says, "he was a political theorist."

12. *For the general.* "For the community, or the people" (Craik). Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 27: "the general subject to a well-wish'd king;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 457: "caviare to the general," etc. Some make *for the general*="for the general *cause*."

15. *Crown him?—That.* Be that so; suppose that done.

17. *Do danger.* Do what is dangerous, do mischief. Cf. Gr. 303.

19. *Remorse.* Mercy, or pity. See *M. of V.* p. 156, and *Temp.* p. 140.

21. *Common proof.* A thing commonly proved, a common experience. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 135:

> "for 't is a vulgar proof
> That very oft we pity enemies."

23. *Climber-upward.* On the "noun-compounds" of S., see Gr. 430.

24. *Upmost.* Like *inmost*, *outmost*, or *utmost*, etc. Mrs. Clarke does not give the word, but has *utmost* in this passage, following what is probably a slip of the type in Knight's ed. We find *upmost* in Dryden (Worc.).

26. *The base degrees.* The lower steps of the ladder. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 112: "You have . . . Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted," etc.

29. *Will bear no colour*, etc. Can find no pretext in what he now is. On *colour*, cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 160.

33. *As his kind.* "Like the rest of his species" (Mason).

34. *And kill him in the shell.* "It is impossible not to feel the expressive effect of the hemistich here. The line itself is, as it were, killed in the shell" (Craik).

40. *The Ides of March.* The folio has "the first of March." Theo. made the correction.

50. *Have took.* See *M. of V.* p. 141 (note on *Not undertook*), or Gr. 343.

53. *My ancestors.* D. and H. read "My ancestor."

59. *March is wasted fifteen days.* This is the folio reading, changed to "fourteen days" by Theo. and all the recent editors except W., who remarks that "in common parlance Lucius is correct"—and so in *Roman* parlance, he might have added.

65. *Phantasma.* Vision; used by S. nowhere else *Phantasm* (=fantastical fellow) occurs in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 110: "A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport;" and *Id.* v. 1. 20: "fanatical phantasms."

66. *The genius and the mortal instruments.* "The commentators have written and disputed lavishly upon these celebrated words. Apparently, by the *genius* we are to understand the contriving and immortal mind, and most probably the *mortal instruments* are the earthly passions. The best light for the interpretation of the present passage is reflected from the one below, where Brutus says:

> "'Let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
> Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
> And after seem to chide 'em.'

The *servants* here may be taken to be the same with the *instruments* in the passage before us. It has been proposed to understand by the *mortal instruments* the bodily powers or organs; but it is not obvious how these could be said to hold consultation with the genius or mind. Neither could they in the other passage be so fitly said to be stirred up by the heart" (Craik).

According to Johnson, the poet "is describing the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance."

Malone endorses Johnson's interpretation, but understands *mortal* to mean *deadly*, as often in S.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (Oct. 1869) makes *genius* "the spirit, ruling intellectual power, rational soul, as opposed to the irascible nature," and *mortal instruments* "the bodily powers through which it works;" and this is probably correct. We cannot believe that *genius* has here the meaning which Johnson ascribes to it, and which it has in some other passages of our poet; as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 332:

> "One of these men is genius to the other;
> And so of these. Which is the natural man,
> And which the spirit?"

67. *The state of man.* The folio has "the state of a man," which K. and Craik retain; all the other recent editors omit "a." Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 140.

On the whole passage, cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 184:

> "'twixt his mental and his active parts
> Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
> And batters 'gainst himself."

70. *Your brother Cassius.* Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

72. *Moe.* More; as in v. 3. 101 below. See *M. of V.* p. 129.

73. *Their hats*, etc. "S. dresses his Romans in the slouched hats of his own time" (Wr.). See on i. 2. 256 above.

75. *That.* On the ellipsis of *so*, see on i. 1. 45 above.

76. *By any mark of favour.* See on i. 2. 87 above.

78. *Sham'st thou*, etc. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 91: "What she should shame to know;" *K. John*, i. 1. 104: "I shame to speak," etc.

79. *Evils.* Evil things; as in *R. of L.* 1250, etc.

83. *For if thou path*, etc. The 1st folio reads, "For if thou path thy natiue semblance on," which (with a comma after *path*, as in the 2d folio) may be explained, "If thou walk in thy true form" (Johnson). Drayton uses *path* as a *transitive* verb in his *Polyolbion:* "Where from the neighbouring hills her passage Wey doth path," and again in his *Epistle from Duke Humphrey*, etc.: "Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways." It is possible, however, that *path* is a misprint here. Southern and Coleridge independently suggested "put," which Walker pronounces "certainly" right, and which D. adopts. W. is inclined to the opinion that S. wrote "hadst." H. reads "pass" (an anonymous conjecture).

86. *We are too bold*, etc. "We intrude too boldly or unceremoniously upon your rest" (Craik).

100. *Shall I entreat a word?* See p. 13 above.

104. *Fret.* Cf. *R. and J.* p. 192, foot-note.

107. *Which is a great way*, etc. Which must be far to the south, when we consider the time of year. On *weighing*, see Gr. 378.

112. *Your hands all over.* "That is, all included" (Craik).

114. *No, not an oath.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "The onely name and great Calling of *Brutus*, did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy; who having never taken Oaths together, nor taken nor given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious Oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding, the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by Predictions of Sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed."

Face. The folio reading, retained by K., D., W., H., and the Camb. ed. Warb. proposed "fate," Mason "faith," and Malone "faiths."

115. *The time's abuse.* The abuses of the time.

117. *Idle bed.* Bed of idleness; as we say "a sick bed." Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 147: "upon a lazy bed." *High-sighted* = "supercilious" (Schmidt).

119. *By lottery.* As chance may determine. Steevens thought there might be an allusion to the custom of *decimation*—"the selection by lot of

every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment." Cf. *T. of A.* v. 4. 31: "By decimation, and a tithed death."

123. *What need we*, etc. Why need we, etc. Gr. 253.

125. *Than secret Romans.* Than *that of* Romans pledged to secrecy.

126. *Will not palter.* Will not shuffle or equivocate. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 11. 63: "dodge And palter in the shifts of lowness;" *Cor.* iii. 1. 58: "This paltering Becomes not Rome;" *Macb.* v. 8. 20:

> "And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
> That palter with us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope."

129. *Cautelous.* Wary, crafty, as in *Cor.* iv. 1. 33: "cautelous baits and practice." Cf. the noun *cautel* in *Ham.* i. 3. 15: "no soil nor cautel doth besmirch The virtue of his will." Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.* 1611) defines *cautelle* thus: "A wile, cautell, sleight; a craftie reach, or fetch, guilefull deuise or endeuor; also, craft, subtiltie, trumperie, deceit, cousenage." Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 21. 9: "frauds, cautels, impostures."

133. *Even.* "Without a flaw or blemish, pure" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 37: "I know my life so even," etc.

134. *Insuppressive.* Used in a "passive" sense, =not to be suppressed. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 10: "The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive* she;" *T. and C.* iii. 3. 198: "the *uncomprehensive* (unknown) deeps;" *A. W.* i. 2. 53: "his *plausive* (plausible, specious) words;" *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 200: "I can make *respective* (respectable) in myself," etc. See Gr. 3.

135. *To think.* By thinking. On the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

136. *Did need an oath.* Ever could need an oath. Gr. 370.

138. *A several bastardy.* "A special or distinct act of baseness, or of treason against ancestry and honourable birth" (Craik). See *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Several.*

144. *His silver hairs.* Cicero was then about sixty years old. There is an obvious play upon *silver* and *purchase.* *Opinion*=reputation.

150. *Break with him.* Broach the matter to him. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 197.

Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "For this cause they durst not acquaint *Cicero* with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly, and trusted best; for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age also having encreased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution."

158. *We shall find of him A shrewd contriver.* On *of*=in, see Gr. 172. On *shrewd*=evil, mischievous, see *Hen. VIII.* p. 202. Wiclif (*Gen.* vi. 12) translates *iniquitate* of the Vulgate by "shrewdnes." Cf. Chaucer, *Tale of Melibœus:* "The prophete saith: Flee shrewdnesse, and do goodnesse; seek pees, and folwe it, in as muchel as in thee is;" *Id.:* "And Seint Poule the Apostle sayth in his Epistle, whan he writeth unto the Romaines, that the juges beren not the spere withouten cause, but they beren it to punish the shrewes and misdoers, and for to defende the goode men." *Contriver*=plotter; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 151 (see our ed. p. 139).

160. *Annoy.* See on i. 3. 22 above.

CICERO.

164. *Envy.* Malice; as often. See *M. of V.* p. 151, note on *Envious.*

166. *Let us be sacrificers,* etc. On the measure, see Gr. 468; and also for 178 just below.

177. *Make.* "Make to seem." Craik and H. adopt the "mark" of the Coll. MS.

180. *Purgers.* Cleansers or healers (of the land). Cf. *Mach.* v. 3. 52.

183. *Yet I fear him.* Pope reads "do fear," which C. says "improves, if it is not absolutely required by, the sense or expression as well as the prosody."

187. *Take thought and die. Thought* used to mean "anxiety, melancholy;" and to *think*, or *take thought*, "to be anxious, despondent." Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 1: "*Cleopatra.* What shall we do, Enobarbus? *Enobarbus.* Think, and die;" Holland, *Camden's Ireland:* "the old man for very thought and grief of heart pined away and died;" Bacon, *Hen. VII.:* "Hawis . . . . dyed with thought, and anguish." See also 1 *Sam.* ix. 5, and *Matt.* vi. 25.

190. *There is no fear in him.* That is, nothing for us to fear. *Fear* is elsewhere used for the *cause* or *object* of fear; as in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 21:

> "Or in the night, imagining some fear,
> How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!"

192. *Count the clock.* Of course this is an anachronism, as the *clepsydræ*, or water-clocks, of the Romans did not strike the hours.

Hath stricken. S. uses *struck* (or *strook*), *strucken* (or *stroken*), and *stricken.* See Gr. 344.

194. *Whether.* Here the folio prints "Whether," though the word is metrically equivalent to the "where" in i. 1. 61 above.

196. *Quite from the main opinion.* Quite contrary to the fixed (or predominant) opinion. See on i. 3. 35 above. Mason proposed to read "mean opinion."

197. *Fantasy.* "Fancy, or imagination, with its unaccountable anticipations and apprehensions, as opposed to the calculations of reason" (Craik).

Ceremonies. "Omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other *ceremonial* rites" (Malone). Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 10. 3: "ceremonies, characters, and charms," where the word means superstitious rites.

198. *These apparent prodigies.* These manifest portents. *Apparent* is used in its emphatic sense (*clearly* appearing), not in its weaker one (*merely* appearing, or *seeming*). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 292: "this open and apparent shame;" *K. John*, iv. 2. 93:

> "It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame
> That greatness should so grossly offer it."

See also Bacon, *Ess.* 40 (ed. 1625): "Overt, and Apparent vertues bring forth Praise; But there be Secret and Hidden Vertues, that bring Forth *Fortune.*

204. *That unicorns*, etc. Steevens says: "Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 5. 10:

> "Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
> A prowd rebellious Unicorn defyes,
> T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
> Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
> And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
> He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
> His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
> Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
> But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast."

See also *T. of A.* iv. 3. 339: "wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury."

"Bears," adds Steevens, "are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's *Natural History*, book viii."

208. *Most flattered.* "At the end of a line *ed* is often sounded after *er*" (Gr. 474). On the metre of the next line, see Gr. 512.

212. *There.* That is, at Cæsar's house.

215. *Doth bear Cæsar hard.* See on i. 2. 303 above. On the relations of this Caius (or, rather, Quintus) Ligarius to Cæsar, cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Now amongst *Pompey's* friends, there was one called *Caius Ligarius*, who had been accused unto *Cæsar* for taking part with *Pompey*,

and *Cæsar* discharged him. But *Ligarius* thanked not *Cæsar* so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannicall power. And, therefore, in his heart he was alway his mortall enemy, and was besides very familiar with *Brutus*, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him: *Ligarius* in what a time art thou sick! *Ligarius* rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him: *Brutus* (said he) if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

218. *Go along by him.* That is, by his house (on your way home). Cf. iv. 3. 205 below. Pope reads "Go along to him."

219. *Reasons.* D. and H. read "reason."

224. *Look fresh and merrily.* That is, freshly and merrily. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 135: "Apt and willingly." For other examples, see Gr. 397.

225. *Let not our looks put on our purposes.* That is, "such expression as would betray our purposes." Craik compares the exhortation of Lady Macbeth to her husband (*Macb.* i. 5. 64):

> "To beguile the time,
> Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye,
> Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under it."

But the sentiment takes its boldest form from the lips of Macbeth himself in the first fervour of his weakness exalted into determined wickedness (i. 7. 81):

> "Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
> False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

227. *Formal constancy.* "Constancy in outward form or aspect" (Craik); "dignified self-possession" (Wr.).

230. *The honey-heavy dew of slumber.* See Gr. 430. The folio reads, "the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber," for which the Coll. MS. substitutes "heavy honey-dew." D. in his 1st edition has "honey heavy dew" (which he explains as "honeyed and heavy"), but in his 2d he adopts "heavy honey-dew." K., W., H., and the Camb. ed. have *honey-heavy dew.* W. adds: "that is, slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet." "Honey-dew" occurs in *T. A.* iii. 1. 112:

> "the honey-dew
> Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd."

On the figure in the text, cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 84: "enjoy the golden dew of sleep."

231. *Thou hast no figures*, etc. "Pictures created by imagination or apprehension" (Craik). Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 231: "if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains." On the double negative, see Gr. 406.

233. *Enter* PORTIA. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Now *Brutus*, who knew very well, that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most couragious men of ROME did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger: when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and lookes, that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house,

then he was clean changed: for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen: that his Wife lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. . . . This young Lady being excellently well seen in Philosophy, loving her Husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her Husband what he ayled, before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little Razor, such as Barbers occupy to pare mens nails, and causing her Maids and Women to go out of her Chamber gave herself a great gash withall in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore bloud: and incontinently after, a vehement Feaver took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her Husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I being, O *Brutus* (said she) the daughter of *Cato*, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow, and Companion in bed and at board onely, like a Harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill Fortune. Now for thy self, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secresie and fidelity. I confess, that a Womans wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet (*Brutus*) good education, and the company of vertuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for my self, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the Daughter of *Cato*, and Wife of *Brutus*. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, untill that now I have found by experience, that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove her self. *Brutus* was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to Heaven, he besought the goddesses to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a Husband, worthy of so noble a Wife as *Porcia:* so he then did comfort her the best he could."

238. *Stole.* Elsewhere S. has *stolen.* See Gr. 343.

240. *Arms across.* Folded arms; as in *R. of L.* 1662.

246. *Wafture.* The folio has "wafter." S. used the word nowhere else.

248. *Impatience.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 3. 13 above. Gr. 479.

251. *His hour.* Here *his*=its, as often. See on i. 2. 124 above.

254. *Prevail'd on your condition.* Influenced your temper or state of mind. See *M. of V.* p. 133, note on *Condition.*

255. *Dear my lord.* See Gr. 13. Cf. the French *cher monsieur*, etc.

261. *Is Brutus sick?* "For *sick*, the correct English adjective to express all degrees of suffering from disease, and which is universally used in the Bible and by Shakespeare, the Englishman of Great Britain has poorly substituted the adverb *ill*" (W.). Cf. *Gen.* xlviii. 1. *Sam.* xix. 14. xxx. 13, etc.

Is it physical? Trench (*Glossary*, etc.) says: "Though *physical* has not dissociated itself from *physics*, it has from *physic* and *physician*, being used now as simply the equivalent for *natural*." Cf. the only other instance in which S. uses the word, *Cor.* i. 5. 19:

"The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me."

262. *To walk unbraced.* Cf. i. 3. 48 above.

266. *Rheumy.* Causing "rheumatic diseases" (*M. N. D.* ii. 1. 105); used by S. only here.

268. *Some sick offence.* Some pain, or grief, that makes you sick.

271. *I charm you.* I conjure you. Cf. *R. of L.* 1681. Pope (followed by H.) substituted "charge"—a needless and prosaic alteration.

283. *But, as it were, in sort or limitation.* Only in a manner, or in some limited sense.

289. *As dear to me*, etc. Gray has imitated this in *The Bard:* "Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart." Some critics see here an anticipation of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; but vague notions of such a circulation prevailed before Harvey's day.

295. *A woman well-reputed*, etc. Warb. and St. read, "A woman, well-reputed Cato's daughter;" that is, daughter of the much-esteemed Cato.

297. *Being so father'd*, etc. As Abbott remarks (Gr. 290), "any noun or adjective could be converted into a verb by the Elizabethan authors."

308. *All the charactery*, etc. The word *charactery* occurs also in *M. W.* v. 5. 77: "Fairies use flowers for their charactery," and with the same accent as here.

309. *Who 's that knocks?* On the ellipsis, see Gr. 244.

313. *Vouchsafe good morrow*, etc. Vouchsafe *to receive*, etc. Gr. 382.

315. *To wear a kerchief.* The word *kerchief* (French *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, the head) is here used in its original sense of a covering for the head. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 62: "A plain kerchief, Sir John; my brows become nothing else." As Malone remarks, S. here gives to Rome the manners of his own time, it being a common practice in England for sick people to wear a kerchief on their heads. Cf. Fuller, *Worthies:* "if any there be sick, they make him a posset, and tye a kerchief on his head, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

323. *Thou, like an exorcist.* "Here, and in all other places where the word occurs in S., to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to lay them" (Mason). See *Cymb.* iv. 2. 276, *A. W.* v. 3. 305, and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 5.

324. *Mortified spirit.* The former word makes *four* syllables; the latter, as often, only *one* (Gr. 463). On *mortified*=deadened, cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 26:

"The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too."

331. *To whom it must be done.* See Gr. 208, and cf. 394. H. and some other editors put a comma after *going*, making *To whom*, etc., a repetition of *What it is.*

SCENE II.—1. *Have been.* On the plural verb, cf. Gr. 408.

2. *Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep*, etc. Cf. N. (*Life of Cæsar*):

"He heard his wife *Calpurnia*, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling* lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that *Cæsar* was slain, and that she had him in her Arms. . . . Insomuch that *Cæsar* rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the Session of the Senate untill another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her Dream, yet that he would search further of the Soothsayers by their Sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that *Cæsar* likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his Wife *Calpurnia* untill that time was never given to any fear and superstition: and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this Dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the Soothsayers having sacrificed many Beasts one after another, told him that none did like them :† then he determined to send *Antonius* to adjourn the Session of the Senate. But in the mean time came *Decius Brutus*, surnamed *Albinus*, in whom *Cæsar* put such confidence, that in his last Will and Testament he had appointed him to be his next Heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with *Cassius* and *Brutus:* he, fearing that if *Cæsar* did adjourn the Session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reproved *Cæsar*, saying, that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him King of all his Provinces of the Empire of ROME out of ITALY, and that he should wear his Diadem in all other places both by Sea and Land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and return again when *Calpurnia* should have better Dreams, what would his Enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his Friends words?"

5. *Present.* Immediate; as in *R. of L.* 1263: "present death," etc. For *presently*=immediately, see *M. of V.* p. 131.

6. *Success.* Probably =good-fortune (and so in v. 3. 65 below); but explained by Craik as=issue. For the latter sense, cf. v. 3. 66; also *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 236: "dangerous success" (see our ed. p. 232), etc. See also *Joshua*, i. 8.

13. *I never stood on ceremonies.* I never regarded auguries. See on ii. 1. 197 above.

19. *Fought.* The folio has "fight," which K., Craik, and the Camb. ed. retain. *Fought* was proposed by D., and is adopted by W. and H.

22. *Hurtled.* Clashed. See *A. Y. L.* p. 191; and cf. Gray, *The Fatal Sisters:*

> "Iron sleet of arrowy shower
> Hurtles in the darken'd air."

23. *Horses did neigh.* The 1st folio has "Horsses do neigh;" corrected in the 2d folio. K. retains "do," on the ground that "the tenses are purposely confounded, in the vague terror of the speaker;" but, as Craik remarks, "no degree of mental agitation ever expressed itself in such a jumble and confusion of tenses as this—not even insanity or drunkenness."

* This is the word in the edition of 1676; as quoted by K., it is "grumbling."

† That is, none of the victims did *please* them, or give good omens.

24. *And ghosts did shriek*, etc. Cf. the passage from *Hamlet* (i. 1) quoted on page 27.

25. *Beyond all use.* That is, all that we are used to.

27. *Whose end is purpos'd.* The completion of which is designed.

31. *Blaze forth.* Proclaim (cf. *R. and J.* p. 191); with a reference also to the other meaning, as in *V. and A.* 219: "Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong." On the passage cf. 1. *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 1 fol.

32. *Cowards die many times*, etc. See p. 17 above.

38. *They would not have you to stir.* For the *to*, see Gr. 349.

42. *Cæsar should be a beast.* On *should* = would, see Gr. 322.

46. *We are two lions.* The folio has, "We heare two Lyons." The correction is Upton's, and is generally adopted. Theo. proposed "were."

67. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid*.

72. *Enough to satisfy*, etc. Enough *for me to do* towards that end.

76. *To-night.* Last night; as in iii. 3. 1 below. See *M. of V.* p. 142.

In this line the folio has "Statue," and also in iii. 2. 186 below: "Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue;" but in both passages the editors, with very few exceptions, have given *statua*, a form of the word common in the time of S. both in poetry and prose. Bacon, for example, uses it in *Essays* 27, 37, and 45, in *Adv. of L.* ii. 1. 2; 22. 1; 23. 36 ("a statua of Cæsar's"), and repeatedly (if not uniformly) elsewhere. See Gr. 487. Some print "statuë."

78. *Lusty.* See on i. 2. 104 above.

81. *And evils imminent.* This is the folio reading, altered by Hanmer and the Coll. MS. to "Of evils imminent." D. and H. adopt this emendation, but K., W., and the Camb. ed. retain *And*.

89. *For tinctures, stains*, etc. "*Tinctures* and *stains* are understood both by Malone and Steevens as carrying an allusion to the practice of persons dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood of those whom they regarded as martyrs. And it must be confessed that the general strain of the passage, and more especially the expression 'shall *press* for tinctures,' etc., will not easily allow us to reject this interpretation. Yet does it not make the speaker assign to Cæsar by implication the very kind of death Calphurnia's apprehension of which he professes to regard as visionary? The pressing for tinctures and stains, it is true, would be a confutation of so much of Calphurnia's dream as seemed to imply that the Roman people would be delighted with his death—

'Many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.'

Do we refine too much in supposing that this inconsistency between the purpose and the language of Decius is intended by the poet, and that in this brief dialogue between him and Cæsar, in which the latter suffers himself to be so easily won over—persuaded and relieved by the very words that ought naturally to have confirmed his fears—we are to feel the presence of an unseen power driving on both the unconscious prophet and the blinded victim?" (Craik). Cf. iii. 2. 131 below.

Cognizance (that by which anything is *known*) is an heraldic term = badge. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 108 and *Cymb.* ii. 4. 127. Here the word may be plural. See Gr. 471.

97. *Apt to be render'd.* Likely to be made in reply. H. gives this strange explanation: "It were apt, or likely, to be *construed* or *represented* as a piece of mockery."

103. *Love to your proceeding.* Affectionate interest in your course of conduct, or career. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 193: "I have an interest in your hate's proceeding," etc.

104. *And reason to my love is liable.* "'Reason,' or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love" (Johnson); or, my love leads me to indulge in a freedom of speech that my reason would restrain.

114. *'T is strucken eight.* See on ii. 1. 192 above.

118. *So to most noble Cæsar.* On *so*, see Gr. 65.

119. *To be thus*, etc. In being thus, etc. Gr. 356.

121. *An hour's talk.* Here *hour's* is a dissyllable. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 197, or Gr. 480.

128. *That every like*, etc. "That to be like a thing is not always to be that thing" (Craik). There is a reference to Cæsar's "We, *like* friends."

129. *Yearns to think upon.* The folio has "earnes," another form of the same word. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 10. 21: "And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight;" where it is used in the same sense as here. In *F. Q.* i. 1. 3 ("his heart did earne To prove his puissance"), i. 6. 25 ("he for revenge did earne"), etc., it is used in its current sense. In S. *yearn* always means either to pain (transitive) or to be pained, to grieve (intransitive). Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 3; "For Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore;" *Id.* iv. 3. 26: "It yearns me not if men my garments wear;" *Rich. II.* v. 5. 76: "O, how it yearned my heart," etc. On the position of *upon*, see Gr. 203.

SCENE III.—6. *Look about you.* On *you* following *thou*, see Gr. 235.

Security gives way to. Confidence, or carelessness, leaves the way open to. Cf. iv. 3. 39 below; and *Macb.* iii. 5. 32: "security Is mortal's chiefest enemy."

7. *Lover.* Friend. See *M. of V.* p. 153.

12. *Out of the teeth of emulation.* Safe from the attacks of envy. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 212: "Whilst emulation in the army crept." In the Rheims version of the Bible (1582), *Acts* vii. 9 reads, "And the patriarchs through emulation sold Joseph into Egypt." Bacon, like S., uses the word in both a good and a bad sense.

14. *Contrive.* Plot. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 360: "Thou hast contriv'd against the very life;" *Ham.* iv. 7. 136: "Most generous and free from all contriving," etc. See also on *contriver*, ii. 1. 158 above. In *T. of S.* i. 2. 278 ("Please you we may contrive this afternoon"), *contrive* is used in the sense of wear away, spend (Latin *contero, contrivi*), and Walker makes it have a similar meaning (sojourning, *conterentes tempus*) in *A. and C.* i. 2. 189: "our contriving friends in Rome" (but see our ed. p. 172). Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 48: "Three ages, such as mortall men contrive."

SCENE IV.—3. *To know my errand.* Steevens compares *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 444 fol.

6. *Constancy.* Firmness; as in ii. 1. 227, 299 above. Cf. *Mach.* ii. 2. 68: "Your constancy Hath left you unattended" (that is, your firmness has forsaken you).

9. *To keep counsel.* To keep a secret. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 152: "the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all;" *A. W.* iii. 7. 9: "what to your sworn counsel (secrecy) I have spoken." See also ii. 1. 298 above.

18. *A bustling rumour.* Here *rumour* = murmur, noise. Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 45: "the noise and rumour of the field." Drayton uses *rumorous* similarly: "the rumorous sound Of the sterne billowes."

20. *Sooth.* In sooth, in truth. See *M. of V.* p. 127, note on *In sooth.*

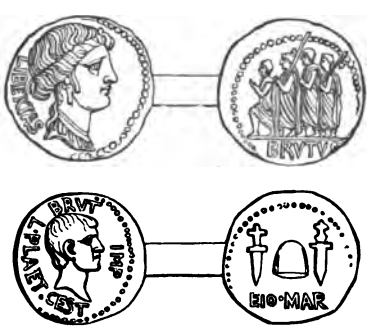
Enter Soothsayer. Here Rowe (followed by W.) substituted "Artemidorus." Tyrwhitt says that it should be "Artemidorus, who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient." The folio may be wrong, but the case is hardly clear enough to justify a change.

31. *Any harm's intended.* Any harm that is intended. Cf. ii. 1. 309 above.

37. *I'll get me to a place more void.* I'll betake myself to a place more open (as opposed to *narrow*). On *get me*, see Gr. 296, 223.

39. *Ay me!* It is "Aye me!" in the folio, but all the editors except Craik and D. have "Ah me!" The latter, as Craik remarks, is a phrase that S. nowhere uses. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 56, 154, *Comus*, 511, *P. L.* iv. 86, x. 813, etc. Neither Worc. nor Wb. recognizes this *ay.* The *affirmative* particle *ay* or *aye* is uniformly printed "I" in the folio; as in the second line of the next scene: "I *Cæsar*, but not gone."

42. *Brutus hath a suit*, etc. "This she addresses in explanation to the boy, whose presence she had for a moment forgotten" (Craik).



COINS STRUCK ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Here, as in *Ham.* and *A. and C.* (see quotations on pp. 28, 29), the death of Cæsar is represented as taking place in the Capitol, instead of the Curia of Pompey. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Furthermore, they [the conspirators] thought also that the appointment of the place where the Councill should be kept, was chosen of purpose by divine Providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the Porches about the Theater, in the which there was a certain place full of Seats for men to sit in; where also was set up the image of *Pompey*, which the City had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he did beautifie that part of the City with the Theater he built, with divers Porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, just on the fifteenth of the Moneth *March*, which the ROMANS call, *Idus Martias:* so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought *Cæsar* thither to be slain, for revenge of *Pompey's* death."

See also N. (*Life of Cæsar*): "And one *Artemidorus* also born in the Isle of GNIDOS, a Doctor of Rhetorick in the Greek Tongue, who by means of his Profession was very familiar with certain of *Brutus* Confederates; and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against *Cæsar*, came and brought him a little Bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how *Cæsar* received all the Supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him pressed nearer to him, and said: *Cæsar*, read this Memorial to your self, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly. *Cæsar* took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of People that did salute him."

8. *What touches us ourself*, etc. The Coll. MS. alters this to "That touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd." Craik adopts this "specious but entirely needless change," as W. calls it.

13. *I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Another Senatour called *Popilius Læna*, after he had saluted *Brutus* and *Cassius* more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded* softly in their ears, and told them: I pray the goddess you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but withall, dispatch I read† you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out."

18. *Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.* See how he presses towards Cæsar. *Mark* is probably a dissyllable here. Gr. 485.

21. *Cassius or Cæsar*, etc. This is the folio reading, retained by K., D., H., and the Camb. ed. Malone proposed "Cassius on Cæsar," which is adopted by Craik and W. But, as Ritson remarks, "Cassius says, if the plot be discovered, at all events either he or Cæsar shall never return alive; for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to

* See *Hen. VIII.* p. 168, foot-note.

† *Read*, or *rede*, meant to advise or counsel. We have the noun in *Ham.* i. 3. 51: "And recks not his own rede." See our ed. p. 188.

slay himself." Craik, commenting on this, says that "to *turn back* cannot mean to return alive, or to return in any way." But see *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 184: "Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;" *T. A.* v. 2. 141: "And tarry wish him till I turn again;" *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 7:

> "Bring him dead or living
> Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
> To seek a living in our territory;"

Oth. iv. 1. 263: "you did wish that I would make her turn," etc.

22. *Cassius, be constant*, etc. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "And when *Cassius* and certain other clapped their hands on their Swords to draw them, *Brutus* marking the countenance and gesture of *Læna*, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suiter, then like an accuser: he said nothing to his Companion (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged *Cassius*. And immediately after, *Læna* went from *Cæsar*, and kissed his hand: which shewed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself, that he had held him so long in talk."

26. *He draws Mark Antony out of the way.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "*Trebonius* on the other side drew *Antonius* aside, as he came into the house where the Senate sate, and held him with a long talk without."

29. *He is addrest'd.* He is ready. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 19: "And so have I address'd me" (prepared myself); 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 5: "Our navy is address'd;" *M. N. D.* v. 1. 107: "the Prologue is address'd," etc.

30. *Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 295: "When I rear my hand." On the construction, see Gr. 247.

31. *Are we all ready?* In the folio (so in K. and the Camb. ed.) these words begin Cæsar's speech. Ritson proposed to add them to Cinna's speech, but the Coll. MS. assigns them to Casca, "in whose mouth they form a very natural rejoinder to what Cinna has just said." This latter arrangement is adopted by Craik, D., W., and H.

On the remainder of this scene, cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "So when he was set, the Conspiratours flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one *Tullius Cimber*,* who made humble suit for the calling home again of his Brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessours for him, and took *Cæsar* by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. *Cæsar* at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties: but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then *Cimber*, with both his hands plucked *Cæsar's* Gown over his shoulders, and *Casca* that stood behind him, drew his Dagger first and strake *Cæsar* upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. *Cæsar* feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his Dagger in, and cried out, in Latine, O traytor *Casca*, what doest thou? *Casca* on the other side cried in Greek, and called his Brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to flie upon *Cæsar*, he looking about him to have fled, saw *Brutus* with a Sword drawn in his hands ready to strike at him: then he let *Casca's* hand go, and casting his

* In the *Life of Cæsar* he is called *Metellus Cimber*, and in Suetonius (i. 82) *Cimber Tullius*.

Gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the Conspiratours thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many Swords and Daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them *Brutus* caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloudied. *Cæsar* being slain in this manner, *Brutus* standing in the middest of the house, would have spoken and staied the other Senatours that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they as men both afraid and amazed, fled, one upon anothers neck in hast to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was set down, and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but *Cæsar* onely, and should intreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty."

33. *Puissant.* Always a dissyllable in S., though *puissance* is sometimes a trisyllable. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 9: "Upon the power and puissance of the king;" and *Id.* i. 3. 77: "And come against us in full puissance." In Spenser we find (*F. Q.* iv. 11. 15) "Of puissant Nations which the world possest," and (*F. Q.* v. 2. 7) "For that he is so puissant and strong."

36. *These couchings.* The Coll. MS. has "crouchings," which Craik says "does not admit of a doubt." But Sr. remarks that "*couching* had the same meaning as *crouching;* thus Huloet: 'Cowche, like a dogge; *procumbo, prosterno.*'" Cf. also *Gen.* xlix. 14. K., D., W., H., and the Camb. ed. retain *couchings.*

39. *Into the law of children.* The folio reads "the lane of Children," a misprint which Johnson corrected.

Be not fond, etc. Be not so foolish as to think, etc. See *M. of V.* pp. 146, 152, and Gr. 281. On *such . . . that,* see Gr. 279.

43. *Low-crooked curtsies.* The Coll. MS. has "Low-crouched," which Craik adopts. But "*low-crooked* is the same as *low-crouched;* for Huloet has '*crooke-backed* or *crowche-backed,*' and to *crook* was to bow" (Sr.). See *Temp.* p. 120, note on *Curtsied.*

47. *Know Cæsar doth not wrong,* etc. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries,* speaking of Shakespeare, says: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" And he ridicules the expression again in his *Staple of News:* "Cry you mercy; you never did wrong but with just cause." Craik believes that the words stood originally as Jonson has given them; but, as Collier suggests, Jonson was probably speaking only from memory, which, as he himself says, was "shaken with age now, and sloth," and misquoted the passage.

51. *The repealing of my banish'd brother.* That is, his recall. Both the verb and the noun (see the next speech) are often used by S. in this sense. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 87: "Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;" *Cor.* v. 5. 5: "Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;" *Id.* iv. 1. 41: "A cause for thy repeal;" *R. of L.* 640: "I sue for exiled majesty's repeal."

60. *But I am constant,* etc. Cf. i. 2, 208: "But always I am Cæsar."

67. *Apprehensive.* Endowed with apprehension or intelligence. Cf.

2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 107: "Makes it (the brain) apprehensive, quick, forgetive (inventive);" B. and F., *Philaster*, v. 1: "as I did grow More and more apprehensive," etc.

69. *Holds on his rank*, etc. Continues to "hold his place" (like the star), resisting every attempt to move him. *Unshaked of motion* might mean unshaken in his motion (Gr. 173), but that would not be in keeping with the simile of the pole-star.

77. *Et tu, Brute!* "There is no ancient Latin authority, I believe, for this famous exclamation, although in Suetonius, i. 82, Cæsar is made to address Brutus Καὶ σὺ, τέκνον; (And thou too, my son?). It may have occurred as it stands here in the Latin play on the same subject which is recorded to have been acted at Oxford in 1582; and it is found in *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, first printed in 1595, on which 3 *Hen. VI.* is founded, as also in a poem by S. Nicholson, entitled *Acolastus his Afterwit*, printed in 1600, in both of which nearly contemporary productions we have the same line—'*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?'" (Craik). It *is* in the Latin play of 1582.

90. *Cheer.* On the literal meaning (=face), see *M. of V.* p. 152.

93. *Lest that.* On *that* as a "conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287.

95. *Abide this deed.* That is, answer for it, be held responsible for it. Cf. iii. 2. 112 below. *Aby* was used in the same sense; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 175: "Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.' This *aby* is frequent in Spenser. See *F. Q.* ii. 8. 28: "His life for dew revenge should deare abye;" also *Id.* iii. 4. 38, iii. 10. 3, iv. 1. 53, iv. 6. 8, etc.

96. *But we.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 54: "Making night hideous, and we," etc. Gr. 216.

99. *As it were doomsday.* As *if* it were. Gr. 107.

102. *Why, he that cuts off*, etc. The folio gives this speech to Casca, but some of the editors have transferred it to Cassius. As H. remarks, "the sentiment is in strict keeping with what Casca says in i. 3. 100 above: 'So every bondman in his own hand bears,' etc."

114. *In states unborn.* The 1st folio has "State," and just below "lye along;" both corrected in 2d folio.

116. *On Pompey's basis lies along.* Lies prostrate at the base of Pompey's statue. Cf. *Cor.* v. 6. 57: "When he lies along," etc. See also *Judges*, vii. 13.

122. *Most boldest.* Cf. iii. 2. 181 below: "most unkindest," etc. Gr. 11.

132. *Be resolv'd.* Have his doubts resolved or removed; be satisfied. Cf. iii. 2. 177 and iv. 2. 14 below.

137. *Thorough.* Through. See *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Throughfares.*

141. *Tell him, so please him come.* See Gr. 133, 297, and 349.

144. *We shall have him well to friend.* See *Temp.* p. 124, note on *A paragon to their queen.* Gr. 189.

146. *My misgiving still Falls shrewdly to the purpose.* My suspicions are always shrewd enough to hit the mark. On *still*, see *M. of V.* p. 128.

153. *Be let blood.* Be bled; that is, put to death. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 183, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 222, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 168, etc. *Rank*=sick from repletion; as in *Sonn.* 118. 12 (see our ed. p. 170), 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 64, etc.

156. *Of half that worth as.* See Gr. 280.

158. *I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard.* On the pronouns, see Gr. 236. For *bear me hard*, see on i. 2. 303 above.

160. *Live a thousand years.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 61: "Live thou, I live;" and see Gr. 361.

161. *Apt to die.* Ready or disposed to die.

162. *No mean of death.* On *mean*=means, see *Hen. VIII.* p. 201.

164. *The choice and master spirits.* Craik thinks that *choice* may be either noun or adjective, but it is pretty certainly the latter. We have the expression "choice spirits" in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 3.

172. *As fire*, etc. The first *fire* is a dissyllable, the second a monosyllable. See Gr. 480, and cf. 475. For the simile, cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 46: "one fire burns out another's burning;" *Cor.* iv. 7. 54: "One fire drives out one fire;" *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 192: "Even as one heat another heat expels," etc.

175. *Our arms, in strength of malice*, etc. The passage stands thus in the folio:

> "Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
> Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
> With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence."

Pope reads "exempt from malice;" Capell and D., "no strength of malice;" the Coll. MS. and Craik, "in strength of welcome." Sr. (followed by H.) suggested "in strength of amity." K., W., and Wr. retain the folio reading, and W. remarks: "The difficulty found in this passage, which even Mr. Dyce suspects to be corrupt, seems to result from a forgetfulness of the preceding context:

> "'Though now we must appear *bloody and cruel*,
> As *by our hands*, and this our present act,
> You see we do; yet you see but our hands,
> And this the bleeding business they have done.
> *Our hearts* you see not; they are pitiful;
> And pity to the general wrong of Rome,' etc.

So (*Brutus* continues) our arms, even in the intensity of their hatred to *Cæsar's* tyranny, and our hearts in their brotherly love to all Romans, do receive you in." Wr. explains thus: "strong as if nerved by malice against you, the death grip of enemies being stronger than the most loving embrace. See also p. 192 below.

182. *Deliver.* Declare, relate. See *Temp.* p. 144, and *Hen. VIII.* pp. 163, 176.

185. *Render*, etc. "Give me back in return for mine" (Craik).

190. *Though last, not least in love.* Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 85 (quarto): "Although the last, not least in our dear love." Spenser has "though last, not least" in *Colin Clout 's Come Home Again*, published in 1595.

193. *Conceit.* See on i. 3. 161 above.

197. *Dearer.* More intensely. See *Temp.* p. 124, note on 133.

205. *Bayed.* That is, "brought to bay," or hemmed in by enemies as a hart by the hounds. See *Rich. II.* p. 186, note on 127.

207. *Crimson'd in thy lethe.* "Crimson'd in the stream that bears thee to oblivion" (W.) The Coll. MS. alters *lethe* to "death," which H. adopts. Coll. himself, in his 2d edition, restores *lethe*, which is also given by K., D., St., and the Camb. ed.

208, 209. *O world*, etc. Coleridge doubted the genuineness of these two lines, both on account of the rhythm, "which is not Shakespearian," and because they interrupt the sense and connection and "the Shakespearian link of association." He adds: "I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise out of some word in the lines before, but also lead to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it." We have the same quibble in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 260 and *T. N.* i. 1. 21.

210. *Strucken*. The folio has "stroken," and in 183 "strooke" for *struck*.

214. *Modesty*. Moderation. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 68: "If it be husbanded with modesty," etc.

216. *Compact*. On the accent, see Gr. 490.

217. *Prick'd*. Marked. Cf. iv. 1. 1, 3, 16 below. See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 172.

225. *So full of good regard*. "So full of what is entitled to favourable regard" (Craik). Cf. iv. 2. 12 below.

229. *Produce*. Bear forth, bring out; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 40, *Lear*, v. 3. 230, etc.

236. *By your pardon*. By your leave, I will explain.

242. *Have all true rites*. Pope, D., and H. read "due rites," but, as Coll. says, "the change seems rather for the worse."

258. *The tide of times*. "The course of times" (Johnson). As Craik remarks, "*tide* and *time* properly mean the same thing." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 2. 29: "and rest their weary limbs a tide;" *Id.* iii. 6. 21: "mine may be your paine another tide;" *Id.* iii. 9. 32: "glad of so fitte tide Him to commend," etc. The word still has this sense in *eventide*, *springtide*, etc.

259. *Hands*. The folio has "hand," which K. retains; but cf. 159 above.

263. *The limbs of men*. The folio reading, retained by K., W., and H. W., however, is "almost sure" that S. wrote "the *fonnes* of men." Warb. proposed "line," Hanmer "kind," Johnson "lives" or "lymms,"* the Coll. MS. "loins" (which Craik adopts), Walker "times," St. "tombs," and Swynfen Jervis (whom D. follows) "minds."

269. *With the hands*. Here *with* = by, as often. Gr. 193. Cf. iii. 2. 195 below. See also *Hen. VIII.* p. 193.

272. *With Ate by his side*. Craik remarks that "this Homeric goddess had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination." See *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 263: "the infernal Ate;" *L. L. L.* v. 2. 694: "more Ates, more Ates;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 63: "an Ate stirring him to blood and strife."

274. *Cry 'Havoc!'* In old times this cry was the signal that no quarter was to be given. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 275:

* "That is," he adds, "these *bloodhounds* of men." S. uses the word in *Lear*, iii. 6. 72:

"Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym."

The old copies have "him" or "hym," but there can be no doubt that these are misprints for "lym."

"Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant."

The dogs of war. Steele (*Tatler*, No. 137) suggests that by "the dogs of war" S. probably meant *fire*, *sword*, and *famine*. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. chor. 5:

"Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment."

See also 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 10:

"You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire."

275. *That this foul deed. So* that, etc. Gr. 283.

284. *Passion, I see, is catching.* That is, emotion is contagious. See on i. 2. 45 above.

For mine eyes. The 1st folio has "from mine eyes;" corrected in 2d folio. D. and H. alter *began* in the next line to "begin."

290. *No Rome of safety..* See on i. 2. 152 above.

296. *The which.* See *M. of V.* p. 133, on *For the which.*

SCENE II.—On this scene, and the next, cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Now, at the first time when the murther was newly done, there were suddain outcries of People that ran up and down the City, the which indeed did the more increase the fear and tumult. But when they saw they slew no man, neither did spoil nor make havock of anything, then certain of the Senatours, and many of the People emboldening themselves, went to the Capitoll unto them. There a great number of men being assembled together one after another, *Brutus* made an Oration unto them to win the favour of the People, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by, said they had done well, and cried unto them, that they should boldly come down from the Capitoll: whereupon *Brutus* and his Companions came boldly down into the Market-place. The rest followed in Troop, but *Brutus* went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the City, which brought him from the Capitoll, through the Market-place, to the Pulpit for Orations. When the People saw him in the Pulpit, although they were a multitude of rake-hels of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir: yet being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto *Brutus*, they kept silence to hear what he would say: when *Brutus* began to speak, they gave him quiet audience: Howbeit immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murther. For when another called *Cinna* would have spoken, and began to accuse *Cæsar*, they fell into a great uprore among them, and marvellously reviled him. Insomuch that the Conspiratours returned again into the Capitoll. There *Brutus* being afraid to be besieged, sent back again the Noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason, that they which were no partakers of the murther, should be partakers of the danger. . . .

"Then *Antonius* thinking good his Testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger

mugger,* lest the People might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: *Cassius* stoutly spake against it. But *Brutus* went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow Conspiratours that *Antonius* should be slain: and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous Enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that *Cæsars* Funerals should be as *Antonius* would have them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when *Cæsars* Testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every Citizen of ROME seventy-five Drachma's a man; and that he left his Gardens and Arbors unto the People, which he had on this side of the River Tyber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards when *Cæsars* body was brought into the Market-place, *Antonius* making his Funerall Oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient Custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common People to compassion, he framed his Eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking *Cæsars* Gown all bloudy in his hand, he layed it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithall the People fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common People. For some of them cried out, Kill the murtherers: others plucked up Forms, Tables, and Stalls about the Market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of *Clodius;* and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the Body of *Cæsar*, and burnt it in the middest of the most holy places. And Furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning Fire-brands, and ran with them to the Murtherers houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the Conspiratours foreseeing the danger, before had wisely provided for themselves, and fled. But there was a Poet called *Cinna*, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was alway one of *Cæsars* chiefest friends: he dreamed the night before, that *Cæsar* bad him to supper with him, and that he refusing to go, *Cæsar* was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a Feaver, and yet notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried *Cæsars* body to buriall, being ashamed not to accompany his Funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the preass of the common People, that were in a great uproar. And because some one called him by his name, *Cinna:* the People thinking he had been that *Cinna*, who in an Oration he made, had spoken very ill of *Cæsar*, they falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the Market-place."

4. *Part the numbers.* "Divide the multitude" (Craik).

* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 84 (see our ed. p. 248):

"and we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him."

7. *Rendered.* Given. For the trisyllable, see Gr. 474.

9. *And compare.* And we will compare. Gr. 399.

12. *Be patient till the last.* Many brief quotations from the folio have been given in our notes, but the reader may like to see a longer extract, as an illustration of the orthography and typography of that edition. The speech of Brutus appears there as follows:

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all *S*laues; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Cæsar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Cõmonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Couptry to need my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.
2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Cæsar*.
4. *Cæsars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.
1. Wee'l bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.
1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Saue I alone, till *Antony* have spoke. *Exit*

Upon this speech of Brutus, Knight, after quoting Hazlitt's remark (see p. 13 above) that it is "not so good" as Antony's, comments as follows: "In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakespeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say, 'I am no orator, as Brutus is.' Brutus was *not* an orator. . . . He is a man of just intentions, of calm un-

derstanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:

> "'I will myself into the pulpit first,
> And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.'

And he does show the *reason*. . . . He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar's murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakespeare knew, and he painted Antony."

So far as the mere *style* of the speech is concerned, we think that Warburton was right in considering it an "imitation of his famed laconic brevity." Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "they do note in some of his Epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the LACEDÆMONIANS. As when the War was begun, he wrote unto the PERGAMENIANS in this sort: I understand you have given *Dolabella* money: if you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, show it then by giving me willingly. Another time again unto the SAMIANS: Your counsels be long, your doings be slow, consider the end. And in another Epistle he wrote unto the PATAREIANS: the XANTHIANS despising my good will, have made their Countrey a grave of despair, and the PATAREIANS that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore whilest you have liberty, either chuse the judgement of the PATAREIANS, or the fortune of the XANTHIANS. These were *Brutus* manner of letters, which were honoured for their briefness." In the *Dialogus de Oratoribus* also it is said that Brutus's oratory was censured as "otiosum et disjunctum;" and, as Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum*, the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist."

We are not aware that any commentator has called attention to the fact that S. has made Brutus express himself in a somewhat similar style in the speech in i. 2. 158 fol.: "That you do love me I am nothing jealous," etc.

13. *And lovers.* See on ii. 3. 7 above.

15. *Have respect to my honour.* That is, look to it, consider it.

Censure me. That is, judge me. See *Much Ado*, p. 139. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 69: "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment;" Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. introd. 15: "many will conceive and censure that some of them are already done," etc.

26. *There is tears.* See *Temp.* p. 122, note on 476.

35. *The question of his death.* A statement of the reasons *why* he was put to death (the *answer* to that question).

37. *Enfore'd.* Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 125, where, as here, the word is opposed to *extenuate:* "We will extenuate rather than enforce."

49. *Shall now be crown'd.* The folio (see extract above) has "Shall be." Pope added *now*, and the emendation is generally adopted.

55. *Do grace.* Show respect, do honour. Cf. the verb in iii. 1. 121 above.

56. *Glories.* D. and H. adopt Walker's suggestion of "glory."

59. *Save I alone.* The expression occurs also in *T. N.* iii. 1. 172. Cf. v. 5. 69 below. Gr. 118.

63. *Beholding.* Beholden. See *M. of V.* p. 135. Gr. 372.

72. *Bury.* "S. was no doubt thinking of his own time and country. The custom of burning the dead had not been in use in Rome very long before the time of Cæsar" (Wr.).

73. *The evil that men do*, etc. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 45:

> "Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
> We write in water."

89. *When that.* See on iii. 1. 93 above.

101. *To mourn.* From mourning. Cf. Gr. 356.

108. *Has he, masters?* Capell suggested "my masters," and Craik and H. read "Has he not, masters?"

112. *Abide it.* See on iii. 1. 95 above.

114. *A nobler man.* W. misprints "a bolder man."

118. *And none so poor*, etc. "The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar" (Johnson). On the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.

128. *The commons.* The common people.

131. *Napkins.* Handkerchiefs. Cf. *L. C.* 15: "Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne;" *Ham.* v. 2. 299: "Here, Hamlet, take my napkin; rub thy brows;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 290: "I am glad I have found this napkin" (the "handkerchief" of line 306 just below), etc. Malone says that the word is still used in this sense in Scotland.

148. *I have o'ershot myself*, etc. I have gone too far, etc. On *to tell*, cf. 101 above.

165. *Stand far off.* D. prints "far' off," and *far* is probably a contraction of *farther*, both here and in v. 3. 11 below: "fly far off." Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 442: "Far than Deucalion off." So *near* is often used for *nearer*. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 64: "Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord;" *Id.* v. 1. 88: "Better far off than near, be ne'er the near." See Walker, vol. i. p. 190 fol., or Gr. 478.

171. *That day he overcame the Nervii.* On that day on which, etc. Some eds. make this an independent sentence. The Nervii were the most warlike of the Belgic tribes, and their subjugation (B.C. 57) was one of the most important events in Cæsar's Gallic campaigns.

173. *Envious.* Malicious. See on ii. 1. 164 above.

177. *To be resolv'd.* See on iii. 1. 132 above.

179. *Cæsar's angel.* His *alter ego*, as it were, or one as intimately connected with him as his guardian angel. Boswell asks, "Does it not mean that Cæsar put his trust in him as he would in his guardian angel?" Craik understands it as "simply his best beloved, his darling."

181. *Most unkindest.* See on iii. 1. 122 above.

186. *Pompey's statua.* See on ii. 2. 76 above.

192. *The dint of pity.* The *impression* or influence of pity. Cf. *V. and A.* 354: "as new-fallen snow takes any dint," etc.

195. *With traitors.* See on iii. 1. 269 above.

202. *Revenge*, etc. The folio gives this to 2 *Citizen*, but, as W. suggests, it belongs to the citizens generally; and the same is probably true of 206, 207 below.

211. *Private griefs.* Personal grievances. See on i. 3. 117 above.

219. *For I have neither wit*, etc. The 1st folio reads, "For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth;" corrected in 2d folio. Johnson explains

"writ" as "penned or premeditated oration," and Malone as "writing." The latter adds that "the editor of the 2d folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, substituted *wit* for *writ*." K., though he gives *wit*, thinks that "*writ* may be explained as a prepared writing." On the meaning of *wit* in S., see *Hen. VIII.* p. 182.

241. *Every several man.* On *several*=separate, see *Temp.* p. 131.

Seventy-five drachmas. The drachma was a Greek coin worth very nearly the same as the French *franc*, or 18.6 cents. Plutarch gives seventy-five drachmas as the Greek equivalent for three hundred Roman sesterces, which was the amount named in the will. The sesterce (before the time of Augustus) was worth a little more than four cents. It must be borne in mind, however, that the value (or "purchasing power") of money was then much greater than now.

248. *On this side Tiber.* See Gr. 202. Cæsar's gardens were *beyond* the Tiber, as a Roman would say, or on the right bank of the river. Cf. Horace, *Sat.* i. 9. 18: "Trans Tiberim longe cubat is prope Caesaris hortos." S. copied the error from N., as will be seen above.

Left them you. The *you* is emphatic, which explains the inversion.

250. *To walk abroad.* For walking, etc. Cf. 101 and 148 above.

254. *Fire.* A dissyllable; as in iii. 1. 172 above.

260. *Fellow.* Possibly accented on the second syllable; but see Gr. 453.

265. *Upon a wish.* Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 50: "upon thy wish," etc.

267. *I heard him say.* The folio reading. Capell and the Coll. MS. (followed by Craik) read "them;" and D. and H. have "'em." K., W., and the Camb. ed. retain *him*.

269. *Belike.* Probably; often used by S., but now obsolete.

Some notice of the people. Some information *respecting* (not *from*) the people.

SCENE III.—2. *Things unlucky.* The folio has "things vnluckily." Warb. substituted *unlucky*, and is followed by D., St., H., W., and the Camb. ed. The Coll. MS. gives "unlikely," which Craik adopts. K. retains "unluckily," and W. is "not quite sure" that a change is called for. "The poet may mean that many things besides his dream of the feast charge his fancy unluckily." On the passage, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 11 fol.

3. *Forth of doors.* Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 160: "thrust forth of Milan;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 157: "forth of France," etc. Gr. 156.

9. *Answer every man directly.* See on i. 1. 12 above.

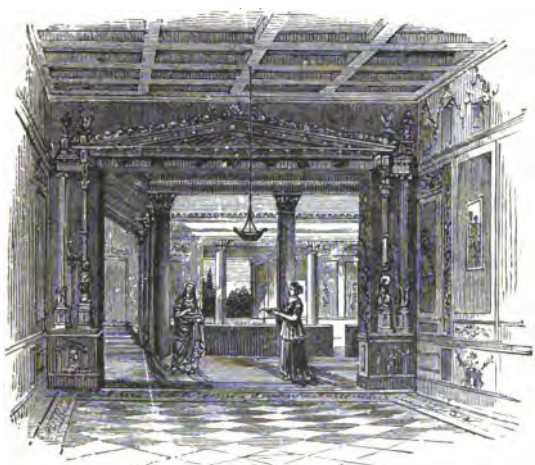
12. *You were best.* Originally the *you* was dative (*to* you it were best), but it came to be regarded as a nominative. Hence we find in S. "I were better" (2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 245), "I were best" (1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 82), "She were better" (*T. N.* i. 2. 27), "Thou'rt best" (*Temp.* i. 2. 366), etc. See Gr. 230, 352, and cf. 190. For a similar change in an old idiom, see *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *If it please you.*

18. *Bear me a bang.* Get a blow from me. See on i. 2. 256 above.

27. *My name is Cinna.* Helvius Cinna. The conspirator was Cornelius Cinna.

34. *Turn him going.* Send him packing. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 38: "Do this expediently, and turn him going."

36. *To Brutus', to Cassius'.* That is, to Brutus's house, etc. The folio prints: "to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* House, and some to *Caska*'s; some to *Ligarius:* Away, go." Note also the repeated "*Cæsars*" in the extract from the folio, p. 163 above. W., however, chooses to print "To Brutus, to Cassius," and "to Ligarius."



ANTONY'S HOUSE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room in Antony's House.* The heading in the folio is simply "*Enter Antony, Octauius, and Lepidus.*" That the scene is laid at Rome is evident from the fact that Lepidus is sent to Cæsar's house for the will, and told that on his return he will find Antony and Octavius "Or here, or at the Capitol." Their actual place of meeting, however, was on a small island in the river Rhenus (now the *Reno*), near Bononia (*Bologna*).

Cf. N. (*Life of Antony*): "thereupon all three met together (to wit, *Cæsar, Antonius* and *Lepidus*) in an Island environed round about with a little River, and there remained three days together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the Empire of ROME between them, as if it had been their own Inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one

of them would kill their Enemies, and save their Kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their Enemies, they spurned all reverence of Blood, and holiness of friendship at their feet. For *Cæsar* left *Cicero* to *Antonius* will, *Antonius* also forsook *Lucius Cæsar*, who was his Uncle by his Mother: and both of them together suffered *Lepidus* to kill his own Brother *Paulus*. Yet some Writers affirm, that *Cæsar* and *Antonius* requested *Paulus* might be slain, and that *Lepidus* was contented with it. In my Opinion there was never a more horrible, unnatural, and crueller change then this was. For thus changing murther for murther, they did as well kill those whom they did forsake and leave unto others, as those also which others left unto them to kill: but so much more was their wickedness and cruelty great unto their friends, for that they did put them to death being innocents, and having no cause to hate them."

1. *Their names are prick'd.* See on iii. 1. 217 above.

5. *Who is your sister's son.* According to Plutarch, the person was Lucius Cæsar, and Mark Antony was *his* sister's son. Upton suggested that S. wrote "You are his sister's son," but this is not at all probable.

12. *Unmeritable.* Without merit, undeserving. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 155: "my desert Unmeritable shuns your high request." Gr. 3.

22. *Business.* Here, as not unfrequently, a trisyllable. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 217: "To see this business. To-morrow next," etc. Gr. 479. On the passage, cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 44 fol. Steevens quotes *M. for M.* iii. 1. 25 fol.

27. *In commons.* The Coll. MS. has "on," which Craik adopts.

28. *Soldier.* A trisyllable; as in iv. 3. 51 below. Gr. 479.

32. *Wind.* Cf. the transitive use in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 109: "To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus."

34. *In some taste.* In some measure or degree.

37. *On objects, arts, and imitations,* etc. The folio has a period after "imitations." K. substituted a comma, and thus made the passage plain enough. Antony says that "Lepidus feeds not on objects, arts, and imitations generally, but on such of them as are out of use and staled (or worn out) by other people, which, notwithstanding, begin his fashion (or with which his following the fashion begins)." Theo. proposed "On abject orts and imitations," which D. adopts. St. has "abjects, orts, and imitations," defining *abjects* as "things thrown away as useless." The Camb. ed. adopts this reading. Coll., Craik, W., and H. follow K.

40. *A property.* "A thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please" (Steevens). Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 10.

41. *Listen.* Cf. *Much Ado,* iii. 1. 12: "To listen our purpose," etc. Gr. 199.

42. *Powers.* That is, forces. Both *power* and *powers* were used in this sense. Cf. iv. 3. 167, 304, and v. 3. 52 below. *Puissance* was used in the same sense; as in *K. John,* iii. 1. 339: "Cousin, go draw our puissance together," etc.

44. *Our best friends made, our means stretch'd.* "A mutilated line, for which the 2d folio gives 'Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;' and Malone, with equal authority, if not equal fitness, 'Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost'" (W.).

45. *Go sit in council.* Cf. i. 2. 24 above: "go see," etc. Gr. 349.

47. *Answer'd.* Faced, met; as in *K. John*, v. 7. 60, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 197, *Lear*, iii. 4. 106, etc.

49. *Bay'd*, etc. See on iii. 1. 205 above; and cf. *Macb.* v. 7. 1 (see our ed. p. 252).

SCENE II.—5. *To do you salutation.* Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 210: "done salutation;" *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 26: "Do my good-morrow to them," etc. See Gr. 303.

6. *He greets me well.* This seems to mean, His greeting is friendly.

7. *In his own change*, etc. Either because of some change in himself, or through the misconduct of his officers. Warb. suggested "his own charge," and Johnson "ill offices."

12. *Full of regard.* Cf. iii. 1. 225 above.

14. *Let me be resolv'd.* See on iii. 1. 132 above.

16. *Instances.* As D. remarks, "*instance* is a word used by S. with various shades of meaning, which it is not always easy to distinguish—'motive, inducement, cause, ground; symptom, prognostic; information, assurance; proof, example, indication.'" Here Craik explains it as "assiduities," and Schmidt as "proofs of familiarity."

23. *Hot at hand.* "That is, apparently, when held by the hand, or led; or rather, perhaps, when acted upon only by the rein" (Craik). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 2. 22:

> "those that tame wild horses
> Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
> But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
> Till they obey the manage."

26. *Fall their crests.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 379: "make him fall His crest," etc. Craik says that this transitive use of *fall* "is not common in S.;" but it occurs sixteen times. See *Temp.* pp. 127, 140, and *M. of V.* p. 135.

Jades. Worthless or vicious nags. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 26: "he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts," etc.

41. *Be content.* That is, *contain* (or restrain) yourself.

46. *Enlarge your griefs.* Set forth fully your grievances. On *griefs*, cf. i. 3. 117 and iii. 2. 211 above.

50. *Lucius, do you the like.* The folio reads as follows:

> "*Lucillius*, do you the like, and let no man
> Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
> Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore."

Craik was the first to transpose *Lucius* and *Lucilius*, which both mends the measure and removes the absurdity of associating a servant-boy and an officer of rank in the guarding of the door. Cassius sends *his* servant Pindarus with a message to his division of the army, and Brutus sends his servant Lucius on a similar errand. The folio itself confirms this correction, since it makes *Lucilius* oppose the intrusion of the *Poet*, and at the close of the conference Brutus addresses "*Lucilius* and Titinius," who had evidently remained on guard together all the while. K. and the Camb. editors, however, retain the folio reading.

SCENE III.—Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little Chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends, that were without the Chamber, hearing them loud within and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded, that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding, one *Marcus Phaonius* [Favonius], that had been a friend and follower of *Cato* while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a Philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantick motion: he would needs come into the Chamber, though the men offered to keep him out. But it was no boot to lett *Phaonius*, when a mad mood or toy took him in the head: for he was a hot hasty man, and suddain in all his doings, and cared for never a Senatour of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynick Philosophers, (as who would say, Dogs,) yet his boldness did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This *Phaonius* at that time, in despite of the Door-keepers, came into the Chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the Verses which old *Nestor* said in *Homer:*

"'*My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,*
For I have seen mee years than suchie three.'

Cassius fell a laughing at him: but *Brutus* thrust him out of the Chamber, and called him Dog and counterfeit Cynick. Howbeit his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other."

Coleridge says: "I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius."

2. *You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "The next day after, *Brutus* upon complaint of the SARDIANS, did condemn and note *Lucius Pella* for a defamed Person, that had been a Prætor of the ROMANS, and whom *Brutus* had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery, and pilfery in his Office. This judgement much misliked *Cassius*, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved *Brutus*, for that he would shew himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little, then to take things at the worst. *Brutus* in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the Id's of *March*, at which time they slew *Julius Cæsar*, who neither pilled nor polled* the Countrey, but onely was a favourer and

* To *pill* is to pillage or rob, and to *poll* is to strip or plunder. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 246: "The commons hath he pill'd;" Spenser, *State of Ireland:* "They will poll and spoyle soe outragiously, as the verye Enemye cannot doe much woorse." The two words are often joined, as here. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 2. 6: "Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;" Holinshed, *History of Ireland:* "Kildare did use to pill and poll his friendes, tenants, and reteyners."

suborner of all them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and Authority."

4. *Wherein my letter*, etc. This is the reading of the 2d folio, and furnishes the simplest correction of the 1st, which gives

> "Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
> Because I knew the man was slighted off."

K., D., H., and the Camb. ed. read "letters . . . were slighted;" W., as in the text.

8. *That every nice offence*, etc. That every petty offence should bear *its* comment, or criticism.

9. *Let me tell you, Cassius.* Abbott (Gr. 483) makes *you* a dissyllable here. Capell (followed by D. and H.) reads "And let."

10. *Condemn'd to have.* Condemned as having, accused of having. Gr. 356.

11. *Mart.* Market, trade. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 363: "You have let him go, and nothing marted with him." See also *Cymb.* i. 6. 151.

13. *Brutus that speaks this.* Pope reads "speak."

19. *For justice sake.* The folio prints "for Iustice sake." Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 36: "conscience sake;" and see our ed. p. 231. Gr. 217.

20. *What villain*, etc. That is, who that touched his body was such a villain that he stabbed, etc. Cf. v. 4. 2 below.

28. *Brutus, bay not me.* The folio has "*Brutus*, baite not me;" corrected by Theo. It is evident that S. intended Cassius to echo the word used by Brutus. K. and Wr. read "bait."

32. *To make conditions.* "To arrange the terms on which offices should be conferred" (Craik). For *go to*, see *M. of. V.* p. 136.

36. *Have mind upon your health.* Look to your safety.

37. *Slight man.* Cf. iv. 1. 12 above.

38. *Is 't possible?* This interruption does not break the measure of what Brutus is saying. See Gr. 514.

45. *Observe you.* Treat you with reverence, be obsequious to you. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 30: "For he is gracious, if he be observ'd," etc. See also *Mark*, vi. 20, where most of the early versions have "gave him reverence."

51. *Soldier.* A trisyllable; as in iv. 1. 28 above.

54. *I shall be glad to learn of noble men.* This is the folio reading, followed by K., St., W., and others. The Coll. MS. alters *noble* to "abler," which D. and H. adopt, referring to what Cassius has said—"Older in practice, abler than yourself," etc. "Brutus says *noble* because it is what he wishes Cassius to be" (Wr.).

69. *Respect not.* Regard not, care not for. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 134, *Cymb.* i. 6. 155, etc.

73. *Than to wring.* Cf. i. 2. 172 above; and see Gr. 350.

75. *By any indirection.* By "indirect crooked ways" (2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 185) or dishonest practice. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 276.

80. *Rascal counters.* Puttenham (*Arte of English Poesie*, 1582) says: "*Raskall* is properly the hunter's term given to young deer, lean and out of season, and not to people." Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, Song 13: "The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals strewed." *Counters* were round pieces of metal used in casting accounts. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 38: "I cannot

do 't without counters;" *Cymb.* v. 4. 174: "pen, book, and counters," etc. Here the word is used contemptuously for money.

81. *Be ready, gods*, etc. The folio reads and points thus:

"Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces."

The modern editors generally retain the comma after "thunderbolts," but Coll. and W. omit it. Craik thinks that *dash* is "probably to be understood as the infinitive," with *to* omitted, but we believe it to be the imperative: Be ready with all your thunderbolts, *and* dash him to pieces.

90. *Do appear.* The Coll. MS. alters *do* to "did."

93. *Alone on Cassius.* On Cassius only. Cf. *R. of L.* 1480.

94. *Aweary of the world.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 49: "I gin to be aweary of the sun." Abbott (Gr. 24) considers the *a-* in *aweary* "a corruption of the A. S. intensive *of*."

96. *Check'd like a bondman.* Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 149: "his master Will check him for 't." The noun also is used in the sense of rebuke, reproof. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 22: "attending for a check" (that is, dancing attendance only to be paid with reproof); *Oth.* iii. 3. 67: "a fault To incur a private check," etc.

101. *Dearer than Plutus' mine.* The folio has "Deerer then *Pluto*'s Mine," and in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 197: "euery graine of Plutoes gold."

102. *If that thou beest.* On *that*, see Gr. 287, and on *beest*, Gr. 298.

108. *Dishonour shall be humour.* "Any indignity that you offer shall be regarded as a mere caprice of the moment" (Craik). Both Craik and W. suggest that S. may have written "honour."

109. *With a lamb.* The *lamb* is Brutus. Pope has "with a man."

110. *As the flint bears fire.* Cf. i. 2. 172 above.

111. *Who.* See Gr. 264.

118. *Have not you*, etc. The folio reading. Pope gives "Have you not."

130. *For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.* Plutarch makes Favonius exclaim, in the words of Nestor (*Iliad*, book i.),

"Ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ' · ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐστὸν ἐμεῖο."

For North's translation, see the extract above.

133. *Fashion.* A trisyllable. See on 51 above.

135. *These jigging fools.* These rhyming fools. *Jig* used to mean "a metrical composition, as well as a dance" (Malone).

136. *Companion, hence!* On this contemptuous use of *companion*, see *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow.*

148. *How scap'd I killing. Scape* is commonly printed as a contraction of *escape*, but we find it also in prose; as in Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 14. 9: "such as had scaped shipwreck," etc. S. uses it much oftener than *escape*. See Wb. s. v.

150. *Upon what sickness?* Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 225: "When he shall hear she died upon (that is, in consequence of) his words." See Gr. 191. Bacon often uses *upon* in this sense. Cf. *Ess.* 48: "Factious *Followers* are worse to be liked, which Follow not upon Affection to him, with whom they range Themselves, but upon Discontentment Conceived against some Other;" *Adv. of L.* ii. 23. 18: "there are few men so true to themselves and so settled, but that, sometimes upon heat, sometimes upon bravery,

sometimes upon kindness, sometimes upon trouble of mind and weakness, they open themselves," etc.

Impatient of my absence, etc. "This speech is throughout a striking exemplification of the tendency of strong emotion to break through the logical forms of grammar, and of how possible it is for language to be perfectly intelligible, sometimes, with the grammar in a more or less chaotic or uncertain state" (Craik).

153. *Tidings*. Like *news*, used by S. both as singular and as plural. Cf. v. 3. 54 below.

With this she fell distract. See p. 33 above. For the form *distract*, see Gr. 342. S. also uses the obsolete *distraught*; as in *R. and J.* iv. 3. 49: "Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught."

154. *Her attendants absent*, etc. See Gr. 380. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "And for *Porcia, Brutus* Wife, *Nicolaus* the Philosopher, and *Valerius Maximus* do write, that she determining to kill herself (her Parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it) took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choaked herself."

163. *Call in question*. Consider, discuss.

168. *Bending their expedition*. Directing their march—"perhaps implying that they were pressing on" (Craik). Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 136.

169. *Tenour*. The folio has "Tenure;" as in *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 11.

171. *That by proscription*, etc. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "After that, these three *Octavius Cæsar, Antonius* and *Lepidus* made an agreement between themselves, and by those Articles divided the Provinces belonging to the Empire of ROME among themselves, and did set up Bills of Proscription and Outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of ROME to suffer death; and amongst that number, Cicero was one."

177. *Cicero one*. Abbott (Gr. 486) makes *one* a dissyllable. Steevens inserted "Ay" before the second *Cicero*.

181. *Nor nothing*. Cf. iii. 1. 92, 155 above.

189. *With meditating*, etc. On *with*, see Gr. 193. Here *once*=some time or other. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 103: "I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring." See also *Hen. VIII.* p. 163, note on *Once weak ones*.

192. *I have as much of this in art as you*, etc. "*In art* Malone interprets to mean 'in theory.' It rather signifies by acquired knowledge, or learning, as distinguished from natural disposition" (Craik).

194. *Our work alive*. That is, the work that we the living have to do.

201. *Of force*. Of necessity; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 421, etc. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 5. 2: "their inquiries must of force have been of a far other kind." Cf. also *perforce*, which is frequent in S., and is still used in poetry.

207. *Come on refresh'd, new-added*, etc. The folio reading, retained by St., W., and the Camb. ed. "New-aided" was independently suggested by D. and Sr., and is adopted by H. The Coll. MS. (followed by Craik) has "new-hearted." *New-added*=reinforced.

218. *Omitted*. Neglected. See *Temp.* p. 125, and *Hen. VIII.* p. 183.

222. *Ventures*. See *M. of V.* p. 128, note on *Had I such venture forth*.

226. *Niggard*. Craik remarks that this is probably the only instance in the language of *niggard* as a verb; but cf. *Sonn.* 1. 12. Gr. 290.

229. *Farewell, good Messala.* Craik regards this as a hemistich; Abbott (Gr. 480) makes it complete the line, counting *Farewell* as a trisyllable. Walker suggests "Fare you well," and Hanmer "Now, farewell."

239. *Poor knave.* That is, poor boy. See *M. of V.* p. 137. On the passage, see page 13 above.

O'erwatch'd. Worn out with watching. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 177: "All weary and o'erwatch'd." See Gr. 374 (cf. 295). In *M. N. D.* v. 1. 373, we have it in its active form:

> "I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn
> As much as we this night have overwatch'd."

240. *Some other of my men.* On *other*=others, see *M. of V.* p. 128.

242. *Varro and Claudius.* The folio has "*Varrus*, and *Claudio*," and also in the stage-direction that follows.

254. *Canst thou hold up*, etc. The 2d folio gets the passage "somewhat mixed:"

> "Canst thou hold up thy instrument a straine or two,
> And touch thy heavy eyes a-while."

260. *I know young bloods.* See on i. 2. 147 above.

262. *It was well done.* The Var. of 1821 has "It is well done."

266. *Thy leaden mace.* Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 44:

> "But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
> Arrested all that courtly company."

In both cases, the mace is the club borne by an officer of justice, not, as Steevens and H. explain it, the *sceptre* of a monarch. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 28: "he (the officer) that sets up his rest (with a play on *rest* and *arrest*) to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike." It means *sceptre* in *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 278: "The sword, the mace, the crown imperial."

268. *So much wrong to wake thee.* On the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.

269. *If thou dost nod, thou break'st.* On the tenses, see Gr. 363, 371.

272. *Where I left reading.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "*Brutus* was a careful* man, and slept very little, both for that his Diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else took their rest. But now whilest he was in War, and his head over-busily occupied to think of his affairs, and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest Causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leasure left him, he would read some Book till the third Watch of the night, at what time the Captains, petty Captains and Colonels, did use to come to him. So, being ready to go into EUROPE, one night very late (when all the Camp took quiet rest) as he was in his Tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his Tent, that he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So *Brutus* boldly asked what he was, a God or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The

* That is, full of care. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 298: "careful hours;" *Rich. III.* i. 3. 83:

> "By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
> From that contented hap which I enjoy'd."

Spirit answered him, I am thy evill Spirit, *Brutus:* and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPES. *Brutus* being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: Well, then I shall see thee again. The Spirit presently vanished away: and *Brutus* called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all."

See also the *Life of Cæsar:* "he thought he heard a noise at his Tent door, and looking towards the light of the Lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible Vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatness, and dreadfull look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed-side, and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The Image answered him: I am thy ill Angell, *Brutus*, and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPES. Then *Brutus* replied again, and said, Well, I shall see then. Therewithall, the Spirit presently vanished from him."

On the introduction of the ghost here, see p. 20 above.

273. *How ill this taper burns!* Because of the appearance of the ghost. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 181: "The lights burn blue;" and see our ed. p. 241. Here the poet follows N.

278. *And my hair to stare.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 213: "With hair up-staring, —then like reeds, not hair."

304. *Set on his powers.* See on i. 2. 11 and iv. 1. 42 above.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *Their battles.* Their *battalions*, or forces. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 9: "Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;" Bacon, *Ess.* 58: "they were more ignorant in ranging and arraying their battailes, etc."

5. *Warn.* Summon. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 39: "to warn them to his royal presence;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 201: "warn'd us to the walls," etc.

10. *With fearful bravery.* "With a gallant show of courage carrying with it terror and dismay" (Malone): with "bravery in show or appearance, which yet is full of real fear or apprehension" (Craik). The latter interpretation agrees better with what follows. For *bravery* = bravado, cf. Bacon, *Ess.* 57: "To seek to extinguish anger utterly, is but a bravery of the *Stoicks*." For *fearful* = timorous, faint-hearted, see *V. and A.* 677: "Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs"—the creatures being "the timorous flying hare" (called "the fearful flying hare" in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 130), the fox, and the roe. See also *Judges*, vii. 3, *Matt.* viii. 26, etc.

14. *Their bloody sign of battle.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "The next morning by break of day, the Signall of Battell was set out in *Brutus* and *Cassius* Camp, which was an arming Scarlet Coat."

19. *Exigent.* Exigency. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 14. 63: "when the exigent should come." In the only other instance in which S. uses the word (1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 9), it means *end:*

> "These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
> Grow dim, as drawing to their exigent."

24. *Answer on their charge.* Await their onset.

25. *Make forth.* "Step forward" (Craik).

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33. *The posture of your blows are yet unknown.* See Gr. 412.

34. *The Hybla bees.* Hybla in Sicily was famous for its honey. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 47: "the honey of Hybla."

44. *O you flatterers.* On the measure, see Gr. 482.

49. *The proof of it.* The proof of the arguing; that is, "the arbitrament of the sword, to which it is the prologue or prelude" (Craik).

52. *Cæsar's three and thirty wounds.* Theo. changed this to "three and twenty," the number given in Plutarch and Suetonius; but this is to deal with poetry in too arithmetical a way.

54. *Have added*, etc. Have added another victim to your traitorous swords. The Coll. MS. has "word" for *sword*.

58. *Strain.* Race. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 394: "he is of a noble strain;" *Per.* iv. 3. 24: "To think of what a noble strain you are;" Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 8. 33: "Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine," etc.

59. *Honourable.* Thus in the folio, but possibly a misprint for "honourably" ("honourablie"), which W. substitutes.

60. *A peevish schoolboy.* "*Peevish* appears to have generally signified, during S.'s days, 'silly, foolish, trifling,' etc., though no doubt the word

was formerly used, as now, in the sense of 'pettish, perverse,' etc." (D.). Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 93: "How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep, What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 18: "Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete, That taught his son the office of a fowl!" *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 100: "When Richmond was a little peevish boy." Trench (*Glossary*, etc.) thinks that the word meant "self-willed, obstinate," rather than "foolish," but the latter seems the only meaning possible in some of the passages just cited, and in several others in S. Could we substitute "self-willed" or "obstinate" for *peevish* in the following dialogue from 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 181 fol.?—

> "*Suffolk.* No loving token to his majesty?
> *Margaret.* Yes, my good lord,—a pure unspotted heart,
> Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
> *Suffolk.* And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
> *Margaret.* That for thyself:—I will not so presume
> To send such peevish tokens to a king."

See also *Hen. V.* p. 171.

70. *As this very day.* See *Temp.* p. 113, note on *As at that time.*

72. *Be thou*, etc. On the change from *thou* to *you*, see Gr. 233.

According to N. (*Life of Brutus*), Cassius said, "*Messala*, I protest unto thee, and make thee my Witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as *Pompey* the Great was) to jeopard the liberty of our Countrey to the hazard of a Battell."

78. *Coming from Sardis*, etc. On *coming*, see Gr. 379.

Our former ensign. The Coll. MS. has "forward," but the original reading is well enough, and Coll. himself retains it. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "When they raised their Camp, there came two Eagles that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost Ensigns, and always followed the Souldiers, which gave them Meat, and fed them, untill they came near to the City of PHILIPPES; and there one day onely before the Battel, they both flew away."

81. *Who to Philippi here consorted us.* On *who*, see on i. 3. 20 above. On the transitive use of *consort*, cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 28: "And afterwards consort you till bed-time," etc. S. also uses *consort with*; as in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 48: "thou consort'st with Romeo," etc.

83. *In their steads.* Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 1. 6; and see *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights.*

85. *As we were*, etc. As *if* we were, etc. Gr. 107. Cf. iii. 1. 99 above.

91. *Constantly.* Firmly. Cf. the adjective in iii. 1. 22. 60, 72 above.

93. *Lovers.* See on ii. 3. 7 above.

94. *Rest still incertain.* The folio reads "rests still incertaine;" corrected by Rowe. See *M. of V.* p. 155, note on *Uncapable.* Gr. 442.

95. *Let 's reason with the worst*, etc. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "There *Cassius* began to speak first, and said: The gods grant us O *Brutus*, that this day we may win the Field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the Battell fall out otherwise to day then we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to flie, or die?

Brutus answered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, I trust* (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove *Cato* for killing himself, as being no lawfull nor godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yeeld to divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and flie: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For, if it be not the will of God that this Battell fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune."

99. *Even by the rule*, etc. The passage stands thus in the folio:

> "Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
> By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
> Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
> But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
> For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
> The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
> To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
> That gouerne vs below."

The meaning apparently is, I am determined to *do by* (that is, act in accordance with, govern myself by) the rule of that philosophy, by which I did blame Cato, etc. K., D., and H. make "I know not how . . . the time of life" a parenthesis. Coll. and W. put a period after *himself;* and that pointing, since it gives the same meaning without the long parenthesis, is, on the whole, to be preferred. Craik connects "I know not how," etc., with what precedes ("I know not how it is, but I do find it, by the rule of that philosophy, etc., cowardly and vile"), and the Camb. ed. adopts that arrangement.

103. *To prevent The time of life.* Johnson and Steevens take *prevent* in its ordinary meaning; Malone, D., and H., in its primary sense of *anticipate*. S. uses the word several times in the latter sense, and we prefer that interpretation here. The *time of life* is the full time or natural period of life. The Coll. MS. changes *time* to "term," and in the next line *some* to "those;" and Craik adopts both emendations.

105. *To stay the providence.* To await it (*not* to hinder or delay it); as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 258: "We 'll stay your leisure."

108. *Thorough the streets.* See on iii. 1. 137 above.

109. *No, Cassius, no*, etc. "There has been some controversy about the reasoning of Brutus in this dialogue. Both Steevens and Malone conceive that there is an inconsistency between what he here says and his previous declaration of his determination not to follow the example of Cato. But how did Cato act? He slew himself that he might not witness and outlive the fall of Utica. This was, merely 'for fear of what might fall,' to anticipate the end of life. It did not follow that it would be wrong, in the opinion of Brutus, to commit suicide in order to escape any certain and otherwise inevitable calamity or degradation, such as being led in triumph through the streets of Rome by Octavius and Antony" (Craik).

* This is an old form of the past tense, and =trusted. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 347: "I fast and pray'd," etc. Gr. 341.

"Brutus is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times, but is roused by the idea of being 'led in triumph,' to which he will never submit. The loss of the battle would not alone have determined him to kill himself, if he could have lived free" (Ritson).

ROMAN STANDARD-BEARERS.

SCENE II.—On this scene, and the following ones, cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Then *Brutus* prayed *Cassius* he might have the leading of the right Wing, the which men thought was far meeter for *Cassius*, both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet *Cassius* gave it him, and willed that *Messala* (who had charge of one of the warlikest Legions they had) should be also in that Wing with *Brutus*. . . . In the mean time *Brutus*, that led the right Wing, sent little Bills to the Colonels and Captains of private Bands, in the which he wrote the word of the Battell."

"First of all he (Cassius) was marvellous angry to see how *Brutus* men ran to give charge upon their Enemies, and tarried not for the word of the Battell, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that

after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not carefull to compass in the rest of the Enemies behind: but with tarrying too long also, more then through the valiantness or foresight of the Captains his Enemies, *Cassius* found himself compassed in with the right wing of his Enemies Army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediatly, and fled for life towards the Sea. Furthermore, perceiving his Footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an Ensign from one of the Ensign-Bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keep his own Guard together. So *Cassius* himself was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, unto a little Hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit *Cassius* himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the Enemies spoiled his Camp before his eyes. He saw also a great Troop of Horsemen, whom *Brutus* sent to aid him, and thought that they were his Enemies that followed him: but yet he sent *Titinnius*, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. *Brutus* horsmen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of *Cassius* chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their Horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horse-back, with Songs of Victory, and great rushing of their Harness, so that they made all the Field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For *Cassius* thinking indeed that *Titinnius* was taken of the Enemies, he then spake these words: Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a Tent where no body was, and took *Pindarus* with him, one of his Bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pitch, since the cursed battle of the PARTHIANS where *Crassus** was slain, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow: but then casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto *Pindarus*, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body: but after that time *Pindarus* was never seen more. Whereupon, some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see *Titinnius* crowned with a Garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto *Cassius*. But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune which had chanced to his Captain *Cassius* by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. *Brutus* in the mean time came forward still, and understood also that *Cassius* had been overthrown: but he knew nothing of his death, till he came very near to his Camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of *Cassius*, calling him the last of all the ROMANS; being unpossible that ROME should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of THASSOS, fearing lest his funerals within the Camp should cause great disorder." . . .

* Misprinted "*Cassius*" in the ed. of 1676.

"There was the son of *Marcus Cato* slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youths. For, notwithstanding that he was very weary and overharried, yet would he not therefore fly, but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his fathers name, at length he was beaten down among many other dead bodies of his enemies which he had slain round about him. So there were slain in the field, all the chiefest Gentlemen and Nobility that were in his Army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save *Brutus* life: amongst whom there was one of *Brutus* friends called *Lucilius*, who see a troop of barbarous men, making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against *Brutus*, he determined to stay them with the hazard of life, and being left behind, told them that he was *Brutus:* and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to *Antonius*, for he said he was afraid of *Cæsar*, and that he did trust *Antonius* better. These barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto *Antonius* to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. . . . In the meantime *Lucilius* was brought to him, who with a bold countenance said: *Antonius*, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken, or shall take *Marcus Brutus* alive: and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: but wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. . . . *Lucilius* words made them all amazed that heard him. *Antonius* on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: My friends, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done great wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better booty then that you followed. For, instead of an Enemy, you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me *Brutus* alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends then my enemies. Then he embraced *Lucilius*, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and *Lucilius* ever after served him faithfully, even to his death."

"Furthermore, *Brutus* thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle: and, to know the truth of it, there was one called *Statilius*, that promised to go through his Enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their Camp: and thereupon if all were well, he would lift up a torch-light in the Air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised, for *Statilius* went thither: and a good while after *Brutus* seeing that *Statilius* came not again, he said: If *Statilius* be alive he will come again. But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he fell into his Enemies hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, *Brutus* as he sate bowed towards *Clitus* one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved *Dardanus*, and said somewhat also to him: and at the last he came to *Volumnius* himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. *Volumnius* denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarry-

ing for them there, but they must needs fly. Then *Brutus* rising up, said, We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a chearful countenance: It rejoyceth my heart, that none of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but onely for my countries sake: for as for me, I think my self happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetuall fame of vertue and honesty, the which our Enemies the Conquerors shall never attain unto by force nor money; neither can let* their posterity to say, that they being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannicall power not pertaining to them. Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went a little aside with two or three onely, among the which *Strato* was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of Rhetorick. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but *Strato* (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that *Brutus* fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. *Messala*, that had been *Brutus* great friend, reconciled afterwards to be *Octavius Cæsar's* friend, and shortly after, *Cæsar* being at good leisure, he brought *Strato*, *Brutus* friend unto him, and weeping said: *Cæsar*, behold, here is he that did the last service to my *Brutus*. Then *Cæsar* received him, and afterwards he did as faithfull service in all his affairs, as any GRECIAN else he had about him, untill the Battle of ACTIUM."

SCENE III.—3. *I slew the coward, and did take it from him.* That is, took the *ensign* from him. *Ensign* means either the standard or the standard-bearer, and here it may be said to be used for both.

7. *Took it too eagerly.* Followed up the advantage too eagerly.

11. *Far.* See on iii. 2. 165 above.

18. *Yond.* See on i. 2. 190 above.

32. *Now some light.* W. and H. print "'light," but the word (A. S. *lihtan*) is not a contraction of *alight*, and is common enough in prose. See the description of this scene in N., quoted above; and cf. *Gen.* xxiv. 64, 2 *Kings*, v. 21, etc.

38. *Saving of thy life.* See Gr. 178.

43. *The hilts.* Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 4. 160: "with the hilts of thy sword." S. uses *hilts* of a single weapon five times, *hilt* three times.

51. *But change.* "Only a succession of alternations or vicissitudes" (Craik).

Thou dost sink to night. Some print "to-night;" but, as Craik remarks, "a far nobler sense is given to the words by taking *sink to night* to be an expression of the same kind with *sink to rest.*" The folio reads "thou doest sink to night;" and elsewhere *doest* and *dost* are used indiscriminately. Cf. i. 1. 8 above. We find *didest* in *Ham.* iv. 7. 58.

65. *Mistrust of my success.* See ii. 2. 6 above. Bacon (*Adv. of L.* ii. 4. 2) speaks of "the successes and issues of actions."

85. *But hold thee.* See i. 3. 116 above. Gr. 212.

* That is, *hinder*.

"Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill" (v. 3. 20).

86. *Bid.* S. often uses *bid* for both *bade* and *bidden*. He has *bade* frequently, but *bidden* only once (*Much Ado*, iii. 3. 32). Cf. Gr. 342, 343.

96. *In our own proper entrails.* On *in* = into, see Gr. 159. For *proper*, see on i. 2. 38 above. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 2. 49.

97. *Whether.* See on i. 1. 61 above.

99. *The last of all the Romans.* Rowe reads "Thou last;" but N. has the expression (see extract above), and S. probably copied it. Gr. 13.

101. *Moe.* See on ii. 1. 72 above.

104. *Thassos.* The folio has "*Tharsus*," a misprint for the "*Thassos*" of N. Theo. made the correction. The Camb. ed. gives "Thasos," the classical form of the name.

105. *His funerals.* See *Temp.* p. 143, note on *The nuptial.* W. says that "the plural was the commoner form in S.'s day, and is generally used by him." S. uses *funerals* only twice (not counting a third instance, in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 14, where it is a true plural), while he has *funeral* some fifteen times. The latter occurs five times (as a noun) in act iii. of the present play.

108. *Labeo and Flavius.* The folio has "*Labio* and *Flauio*." See on i. 2. 3 above.

SCENE IV.—2. *What bastard doth not?* See on ii. 1. 138 and iv. 3. 20 above.

12. *Only I yield to die.* For the transposition, see Gr. 420.

13. *There is so much*, etc. So much money, on condition that thou wilt kill me at once. The meaning seems plain enough, but Warb. mistook it.

17. *I 'll tell the news.* The folio has "Ile tell thee newes;" corrected by Pope.

SCENE V.—9. *Hark thee.* Here *thee* is a corruption for *thou*. See Gr. 212.

14. *That it runs over. So* that, etc. Gr. 283.

19. *And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.* Cf. N. (*Life of Cæsar*): "The second Battell being at hand, this Spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon *Brutus* knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in Battell, but yet fighting could not be slain." See also *Life of Brutus:* "The ROMANS called the Valley between both Camps, the PHILIPPIAN Fields." Gr. 22.

23. *Have beat us.* Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 40: "had beat you," etc. Gr. 343.

33. *Farewell to thee, too, Strato.* The folio reads, "Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen;" corrected by Theo. For the change from *you* ("Farewell to you," etc.) to *thee*, see Gr. 232.

PHILIPPI.

35. *I found no man but*, etc. For *but*, see Gr. 123.

38. *Shall attain unto.* For *untó*, see Gr. 457*a*.

45. *Of a good respect.* Cf. i. 2. 54 above.

46. *Some smatch.* The folio reading. *Smatch* is only another form of *smack*, which S. uses elsewhere, and which W. substitutes here.

60. *I will entertain them.* I will take them into my service. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 83: "You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred," etc.

61. *Bestow thy time with me.* "Give up thy time to me" (Craik).

62. *Ay, if Messala will prefer me to thee.* "*Prefer* seems to have been the established phrase for *recommending a servant*" (Reed). Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 21, 1: "And if it be said, that the cure of men's minds belongeth to sacred divinity, it is most true; but yet moral philosophy may be preferred unto her as a wise servant and humble handmaid." Here Craik thinks it means "to transfer, or hand over," but it merely *implies* the transfer. Messala, of course, could not *recommend* his servant to a new master without giving up his own claim upon him.

68. *This was the noblest Roman*, etc. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "For it was said that *Antonius* spake it openly divers times, that he thought, that of all them that had slain *Cæsar*, there was none but *Brutus* onely that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of it self: but that all the other Conspiratours did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him."

69. *Save only he.* See on iii. 2. 59 above.

71. *He only, in a general honest thought*, etc. The folio reading, retained by all the editors except Coll. and Craik, who adopt the emendation of the Coll. MS.:

> "He only in a generous honest thought
> Of common good," etc.

D. prints "general-honest," which Abbott (Gr. 2) is disposed to favour.

73. *His life was gentle*, etc. This passage resembles one which appears in the revised edition of Drayton's poem of *The Barons' Wars*, published in 1603, and it has been a matter of dispute among the critics which poet was the borrower. If either, it must have been Drayton, since we know that *Julius Cæsar* was written before 1601 (see p. 8 above); but there may have been no imitation on either side. "The notion that man was composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and that the well-balanced mixture of these produced the perfection of humanity," was then commonly accepted, and often appears in the writers of the period (W.). Cf. B. J., *Cynthia's Revels*, ii. 3: "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper, one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency."

The following is the form in which the passage in Drayton appears in the edition of 1603, and in five subsequent editions published during the next ten years:

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace th' elements all lay
> So mixt, as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute,

That 't seemed when heaven his model first began,
In him it showed perfection in a man."

In the edition of 1619 it is recast as follows:

"He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
In whom so mixt the elements did lay
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, so did all obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seemed, when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man."

81. *To part the glories*, etc. That is, to share or divide them. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 199, note on *They had parted.* Cf. *Matt.* xxvii. 35.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 199) thus:

"Time of the Play, 6 days represented on the stage; with intervals.
Day 1. Act I. sc. i. and ii.
Interval—one month.*
" 2. Act I. sc. iii.
" 3. Acts II. and III.
Interval.
" 4. Act IV. sc. i.
Interval.
" 5. Act IV. sc. ii. and iii.
Interval—one day at least.
" 6. Act V.

"'The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar* is as follows: About the middle of February A.U.C. 709, a frantic festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15 March in the same year, he was slain. November 27, A.U.C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription.—A.U.C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi' (Upton)."

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF NORTH'S PLUTARCH.—Archbishop Trench, in his *Lectures on Plutarch*, referring to North's translation of the *Lives*, says:

"But the highest title to honour which this version possesses has not

* An interval is required historically, but Mr. Furnivall says: "Note how the evening of March 14 is seemingly made one with that of Feb. 15 by Cicero's 'Casca, brought you Cæsar home?' (i. 3. 1), as if from the Lupercalia of Feb. 15, B.C. 44. But as on the latter day S. has put the triumph of Cæsar which took place early in the October before (B.C. 45), he may have meant to annihilate the one month, Feb.–March, 44 (not directly mentioned in Plutarch's three source-Lives) as he did the four months, Oct. 45–Feb. 44."

hitherto been mentioned, namely, the use which Shakespeare was content to make of it. Whatever Latin Shakespeare may have had, he certainly knew no Greek, and thus it was only through Sir Thomas North's translation that the rich treasure-house of Plutarch's *Lives* was accessible to him. Nor do I think it too much to affirm that his three great Roman plays, reproducing the ancient Roman world as no other modern poetry has ever done—I refer to *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*—would never have existed, or, had Shakespeare lighted by chance on these arguments, would have existed in forms altogether different from those in which they now appear, if Plutarch had not written, and Sir Thomas North, or some other in his place, had not translated. We have in Plutarch not the framework or skeleton only of the story, no, nor yet merely the ligaments and sinews, but very much also of the flesh and blood wherewith these are covered and clothed.

"How noticeable in this respect is the difference between Shakespeare's treatment of Plutarch and his treatment of others, upon whose hints, more or less distinct, he elsewhere has spoken. How little is it in most cases which he condescends to use of the materials offered to his hand. Take, for instance, his employment of some Italian novel, Bandello's or Cinthio's. He derives from it the barest outline—a suggestion perhaps is all, with a name or two here and there, but neither dialogue nor character. On the first fair occasion that offers he abandons his original altogether, that so he may expatiate freely in the higher and nobler world of his own thoughts and fancies. But his relations with Plutarch are different—different enough to justify, or almost to justify, the words of Jean Paul, when in his *Titan* he calls Plutarch 'der biographische Shakespeare der Weltgeschichte.' What a testimony we have to the true artistic sense and skill, which with all his occasional childish simplicity the old biographer possesses, in the fact that the mightiest and completest artist of all times should be content to resign himself into his hands, and simply to follow where the other leads!

"His *Julius Cæsar* will abundantly bear out what I have just affirmed —a play dramatically and poetically standing so high that it only just falls short of that supreme rank which *Lear* and *Othello*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* claim for themselves, without rival or competitor even from among the creations of the same poet's brain. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole play—and the same stands good of *Coriolanus* no less—is to be found in Plutarch. Shakespeare indeed has thrown a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is often wholly his own; but of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the very wording to Sir Thomas North."

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes (i. 2. 58). It is a question whether *his* refers to *Brutus*, or is =*their*, referring to the subject of *Have*. Delius gives the former explanation; but Wr. makes out a plausible case in favour of the latter: "The speakers wished Brutus to see himself as they saw him, and to recognize his own importance at such a crisis (see ii. 1. 92, 93). This seems to be the whole point of Cassius' appeal." For the other sense in other passages, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 79: "Nay, indeed, if

you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me;" and *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 185: "If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment," etc.

I had as lief not be as live to be (i. 2. 91). The quibble illustrates the old pronunciation of *lief*, which was often printed *lieve*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 139, note on 133.

For once upon a raw and gusty day, etc. (i. 2. 96). Cæsar was famous as a swimmer. Wr. quotes Suetonius (*J. C.* 64): "At Alexandria being busie about the assault and winning of a bridge where by a sodaine sallie of the enemies he was driven, to take a boat, & many besides made hast to get into the same, he lept into the sea, and by swimming almost a quarter of a mile recouered cleare the next ship: bearing up his left hand all the while, for feare the writings which he held therein should take wet, and drawing his rich coate armour after him by the teeth, because the enemie should not have it as a spoyle." Plutarch's account makes the feat still more difficult: "The third danger was in the battel by sea, that was fought by the tower of Phar: where meaning to helpe his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the peere into a boate. Then the Ægyptians made towards him with their oares on euery side: but he leaping into the sea, with great hazard saued himselfe by swimming. It is said, that then holding diuers books in his hand, he did neuer let them go, but kept them always vpon his head aboue water, and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot maruellously at him, and was driuen somtime to ducke into the water; howbeit ye boate was drowned presently."

The eternal devil (p. 133). Wr. believes that *eternal* was probably used "to avoid coming under the operation of the Act of James I. 'to restrain the abuses of players' in the use of profane language." He notes that while we find *infernal* in *Much Ado*, 2 *Hen. IV.*, and *T. A.*, all of which were printed in 1600, *eternal* is used as the equivalent for that word in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *J. C.*, which were probably produced after 1600. As Weever alludes to *J. C.* in 1601 (see p. 8 above), the play must have been brought out that very year, if this inference is a sound one.

He should not humour me (p. 136). Wr. is inclined to agree with Warburton, because "Cassius is all along speaking of his own influence over Brutus, notwithstanding the difference of their characters, which made Cæsar dislike the one and love the other." The chief objection to Warburton's explanation, in our opinion, is that it seems to leave the mention of Cæsar unconnected with what follows. We fancy that this occurred to Wr., and that what we have just quoted is an attempt to meet the objection; but, to our thinking, it is far from successful. If we accept Johnson's interpretation, *he should not humour me* naturally follows what precedes, and is naturally followed by what comes after: Cæsar should not cajole me as he does Brutus; and I am going to take measures to counteract the influence Cæsar has over him.

Remorse (p. 142). Wr. explains this as = "tender feeling, pity; not necessarily compunction for what has been done;" and this, we think, is the meaning. H. defines *remorse* as "conscience, or conscientiousness;" and *reason* in 21 is "used in the same sense," the conscience be-

ing, "in a philosophical sense, the *moral* reason." This seems to us "reading into" the passage a meaning that is not there. Brutus simply says that power is liable to become arbitrary and merciless; in its ambition to rise yet higher, it thinks only of itself and forgets the claims of others. Cf. what Prospero says to Antonio in *Temp.* v. 1. 76:

> "You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
> Expell'd remorse and nature;"

that is, pity and natural feeling. *Remorse* is the *mercy* of Portia's famous plea (*M. of V.* iv. 1. 184 fol.), which is "enthroned in the *hearts* of kings" and "seasons," or tempers, even "justice." Brutus goes on to say that, to speak truth of Cæsar, he has not yet allowed his passions to prevail over his *reason*, and to lead him to abuse his greatness. His *ambition* is still under the control of his better judgment; it has not yet expelled *remorse and nature*. Craik paraphrases the passage very well: "The abuse to which greatness is most subject is when it deadens in its possessor the natural sense of humanity, or of that which binds us to our kind; and this I do not say that it has yet done in the case of Cæsar; I have never known that in him selfish affection, or mere passion, has carried it over reason."

Coleridge was perplexed by what follows, and asks, "What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" H. thinks that "the poet must have regarded him simply as a well-meaning, but conceited and shallow idealist." As an idealist, indeed, but not as "conceited and shallow." That was not Shakespeare's conception of "the noblest Roman of them all." He was one of the types of "the scholar in politics." As Dowden says in his *Primer:* "Brutus . . . acts as an idealizer and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideals rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. . . . All the practical gifts, insight, and tact, which Brutus lacks, are possessed by Cassius; but of Brutus's moral purity, veneration of ideals, disinterestedness, and freedom from unworthy personal motive, Cassius possesses little."

Coleridge asks, "How could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Cæsar's past history as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror?" etc. But by *personal cause*, as Bishop Wordsworth replies, S. evidently meant "what concerned himself (Brutus) personally." The acts to which Coleridge refers all come under the exception which Brutus had named—*but for the general.*

Paul Stapfer remarks: "The death of Brutus was not merely the penalty he paid for a series of imprudent and mistaken actions, but was also the expiation of a great crime. . . . He would have tried by suppressing present evil to assure the well-being of the future. But what did he know, and what certitude could he have that he was making no mistake? He was not in the secret of the universe; for who has known the thought of the Lord, or been the counsellor of the Most High?"

High-sighted tyranny (ii. 1. 118). Wr. remarks: "There seems to be an implied comparison of tyranny to an eagle or bird of prey, whose keen eye discovers its victim from the highest pitch of its flight. We have the same figure in the first scene of the play (l. 73, etc.), and although the primary meaning of *high-sighted* may be 'proud, supercilious,' there is a secondary meaning in keeping with the comparison of tyranny to a bird of prey. That this comparison is intended, appears to me to be confirmed by the occurrence of the word *range* which is technically used of hawks and falcons flying in search of game. Turbervile (*The Booke of Falconrie*, p. 23) says of eagles: 'In like sort they take other beastes, and sundry times doe roue and range abroad to beat and seaze on Goates, Kiddes, and Fawnes.'"

O name him not, etc. (ii. 1. 150–153). As Wr. says, "S. had read Cicero's character with consummate ability;" and he quotes Merivale, *Hist. of the Romans under the Empire*, iii. 187: "All men and all parties agreed that he could not be relied upon to lead, to co-operate, or to follow. In all the great enterprises of his party, he was left behind, except that which the nobles undertook against Catilina, in which they rather thrust him before them than engaged with him on terms of mutual support. When we read the vehement claims which Cicero put forth to the honour of association, however tardy, with the glories and dangers of Cæsar's assassins, we should deem the conspirators guilty of a monstrous oversight in having neglected to enlist him in their design, were we not assured that he was not to be trusted as a confederate either for good or evil."

For he is superstitious grown of late (ii. 1. 195). Here again Wr. quotes Merivale, ii. 446: "Cæsar himself professed without reserve the principles of the unbelievers. The supreme pontiff of the commonwealth, the head of the college whence issued the decrees which declared the will of the gods, as inferred from the signs of the heavens, the flight of birds and the entrails of victims, he made no scruple of asserting in the assembled senate that the immortality of the soul, the recognized foundation of all religion, was a vain chimera. Nor did he hesitate to defy the omens which the priests were especially appointed to observe. He decided to give battle at Munda in despite of the most adverse auspices, when the sacrificers assured him that no heart was found in the victim. 'I will have better omens when I choose,' was the scornful saying with which he reassured his veterans on another similar occasion. He was not deterred from engaging in his African campaign either by the fortunate name of his opponent Scipio, or by the unfavourable auspices which were studiously reported to him. Yet Cæsar, freethinker as he was, could not escape from the universal thraldom of superstition in which his contemporaries were held. We have seen him crawling on his knees up the steps of the Capitoline temple to appease the Nemesis which frowns upon human prosperity. When he stumbled at landing on the coast of Africa, he averted the evil omen with happy presence of mind, looking at the handful of soil he had grasped in his fall, and exclaiming, 'Africa, thou art mine!' In a man who was consistent in his incredulity this might be deemed a trick to impose on the soldiers' imagination; but

it assumes another meaning in the mouth of one who never mounted a carriage without muttering a private charm. Before the battle of Pharsalia Cæsar had addressed a prayer to the gods whom he denied in the senate, and derided in the company of his literary friends. He appealed to the divine omens when he was about to pass the Rubicon. He carried about with him in Africa a certain Cornelius Salutio, a man of no personal distinction, to neutralize, as he hoped, the good fortune of the Cornelii in the opposite ranks."

The watch (ii. 2. 16). "S. was thinking of his own London, not of ancient Rome, where the night watchmen were not established before the time of Augustus" (Wr.).

Know Cæsar doth not wrong, etc. (p. 157). H. adopts the reading suggested by Tyrwhitt:

> "*Metellus.* Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.
> *Cæsar.* Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause,
> Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

Wr. says: "I am not convinced that any change is necessary. Cæsar claims infallibility in his judgments, and a firmness of temper in resisting appeals to his vanity. Metellus bending low before him begins a flattering speech. Cæsar, knowing that his object was to obtain a reversal of the decree of banishment which had been pronounced against his brother, abruptly interrupts him. To appeal against the decree implied that the decree was unjust; to demand his brother's recall without assigning a cause was to impute to Cæsar that fickleness of purpose which he disdains in such strong terms. If it had not been for Ben Jonson's story, no one would have suspected any corruption in the passage. The question is whether his authority is sufficient to warrant a change. Gifford thinks that he gave Shakespeare's genuine words, and that what appears in the text is the players' 'botchery.' If the lines stood as Jonson quotes them, we must suppose one of two things: either that, in consequence of the ridicule they excited, Shakespeare himself altered them; or that they were altered by the players who edited the first folio, as Gifford believed. The former supposition is not probable, because if Jonson's remarks are hypercritical and the lines yield a tolerable sense, Shakespeare would have been aware of this as well as any of his commentators, and is not likely to have made a change which is confessedly unnecessary. On the other hand, if the players introduced the alteration, it is not easy to see why they should have left out the words which Jonson puts into the mouth of Metellus, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong;' nor why they should have written, 'Know, Cæsar doth not wrong' instead of 'Cæsar did never wrong.' The argument that the passage is obviously corrupt because it ends with an imperfect line is of no weight, because it would apply equally to the proposed restoration, in which another imperfect line is introduced. On the whole, I am disposed to believe that Ben Jonson loved his jest better than his friend, and repeated a distorted version of the passage without troubling himself about its accuracy, because it afforded him an opportunity of giving a hit at Shakespeare. It is worth while to remark that for Metellus to interrupt Cæsar with the petulant exclama-

tion 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' is out of character with the tone of his speeches before and after, which is that of abject flattery."

Mr. Fleay, who believes that *J. C.* in its present form is a play of Shakespeare's revised by Ben Jonson, takes this to be one of Ben's "corrections;" but Mr. Hales (quoted by Furnivall in *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1874, p. 504) remarks that "if Ben Jonson had really revised Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, he would certainly have told us that he, the great Ben, had set his friend's 'ridiculous' passages all right. Jonson was not the man to hide his light under a bushel."

Our arms, in strength of malice, etc. (p. 159). Wr. adds: "The same apparently contradictory figure is used by S. in Polonius's advice to Laertes, *Ham.* i. 3. 63:

> 'The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;'

where *grapple* naturally describes a hostile and not a friendly act. There is something of the same idea in the speech of Aufidius to Coriolanus (*Cor.* iv. 5. 112):

> 'Let me twine
> Mine arms about that body, where against
> My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
> And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
> The anvil of my sword, and do contest
> As hotly and as nobly with thy love
> As ever in ambitious strength I did
> Contend against thy valour.'

Singer reads 'In strength of amity;' which, if any change be necessary, is the best that has been proposed, *malice* and *amitie* being words which might be confounded by a printer. But it gives a rather feeble sense, and I prefer to leave the text as it stands, although the figure may be a violent one. It is singular that one of the passages which has been quoted in support of Singer's emendation is really in favour of the text as it is. In *A. and C.* iii. 2. 61, Antony, taking leave of Cæsar, says:

> 'I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love;'

the vehemence of his embrace had a hostile character; his strength of love was employed in an act of malice. Here the figure is reversed, and the strength of malice is employed in an act of love."

Beholding (p. 164). Wr. states that "beholden" is found in the 5th and 6th quartos of *Rich. III.* in iii. 1. 107. It is also the form in Baret's *Alvearie* (1573) and Cotgrave's *Fr. Dict.* (1611).

You know not what you do (iii. 1. 233). "Brutus's plan, if he had one, was of such an abstract and Utopian nature, that it was equivalent to having none at all, and was based upon a complete misconception of the circumstances and needs of the time. It was the plan of an idealist, who fancied himself living in the Republic of Cato, instead of being in all the tumult of a town in revolution. This plainly shows itself after Cæsar's death, when Brutus commits the enormous imprudence of allowing Antony to speak at Cæsar's funeral. Cassius at once measured the consequences of this error, and says to Brutus *You know not what you do*" (Paul Stapfer).

Friends, Romans, countrymen, etc. (iii. 2. 71 fol.). "There is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare went beyond North's *Plutarch* for hints when he wrote the speeches of Brutus and Antony. Those which are put into their mouths by Appian, and of which there was a translation in English published in 1578, have no points of resemblance to these. Like Brutus, Antony speaks under constraint, but for a different reason. The object of Brutus was to convince the people by argument that Cæsar was justly slain, and to avoid exciting their passions. Antony endeavoured to excite their passions without seeming to do so, or offending the conspirators, and while appearing to speak within the limits allowed him by Brutus. He therefore proceeds with great caution, speaks touchingly of his affection for Cæsar, of Cæsar's liberality to the people, incidentally disproves the charge of ambition, and then overcome by his feelings he breaks off to see the effect produced by his speech. By this time he has secured the attention of the fourth citizen, who is the strong partisan of Brutus. Beginning again, he works upon the compassion of his hearers, and then gradually excites their curiosity about Cæsar's will until they insist upon having it read, and give Antony an opportunity for the powerful appeal which stirred them to such a sudden flood of mutiny that it swept everything before it, the fourth citizen being now foremost in the work of destruction" (Wr.).

Pompey's statua (iii. 2. 186). This statue has come down to our time—as the weight of evidence seems to prove—and is still to be seen in the Spada Palace at Rome. Its identity has been disputed by a few eminent antiquarians and art critics, but the majority of them believe it to be the veritable *Pompey's statua* of the play. It was dug up in 1553 in a spot which exactly corresponds to its location in the time of Augustus, who removed it from the Curia to the front of the neighbouring basilica. It is eleven feet high, and of Greek marble. It holds a globe in the left hand, which has led some to consider it a statue of Augustus rather than of Pompey; but the head is not like any of the busts of Augustus, and, as Lord Broughton has suggested, the globe "may not have been an ill-applied flattery to him who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman Empire." The history of the statue is somewhat curious. When discovered, it was lying across the boundary line of two estates, the owners of which quarrelled for its possession. At last they were on the point of settling the dispute after a precedent established by Solomon, by cutting the marble in two and carrying off the halves. Cardinal Capo di Ferro happened to come along just at this moment, and prevented the bisection; in recognition of which service to art and history Pope Julius III. bought the statue for 500 crowns and presented it to the cardinal. When the French were in Rome, the figure actually suffered a surgical operation for another purpose. It was determined to have a performance of Voltaire's *Brutus* in the Coliseum, and it was thought to be a pretty bit of stage effect to have the mimic Cæsar fall, as his great prototype had done, "at the base of Pompey's statua." This thoroughly "Frenchy" idea was carried out, and to facilitate the removal of the colossal figure, the right arm was temporarily amputated. Byron apostrophizes the statue thus in *Childe Harold:*

"And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest mid the assassins' din,
At thy bath'd base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thy altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou too perish, Pompey? Have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?"

A red stain on the left leg and foot of the statue is believed by some credulous folk to be the veritable blood of the mighty Julius, but sceptical critics say that it is one of those stains produced by iron compounds which not unfrequently occur in certain varieties of Greek marble. If that be not the true explanation, we should suspect that the mark was due to the French theatrical blood poured out in the Coliseum on the occasion referred to above.

Blood ill-temper'd (iv. 3. 114). As Wr. notes, Burton, in his *Anat. of Melancholy*, describes the four humours, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy, corresponding to the four elements, upon the tempering or mixing of which depended the "temperament" of a man's body. See also Trench's *Select Glossary*, under the words *Humour* and *Temper*, and Davies of Hereford's *Microcosmos* (ed. Grosart), p. 30, of the various complexions or temperaments:

"Well-tempred, is an equal counterpoise
Of th' Elements' forementioned qualities . . . .
Ill tempred's that where some one Element
Hath more dominion then it ought to haue;
For they rule ill that haue more regiment
Then nature, wisdome, right, or reason gaue."

What, thou speak'st drowsily? etc. (iv. 3. 238 fol.). "Brutus, with his beautiful freedom from the petty self-interests of daily life, is gentle and considerate towards every one. The servants have lain down. Lucius drops away into the irresistible sleep of boyhood. Brutus, who at the call of duty could plunge his dagger into Cæsar, cannot wake a sleeping boy. . . . He gently disengages the instrument from the hand of Lucius, and continues his book where he had left it off last night. There is nothing more tender in the plays of S. than this scene. The tenderness of a man who is stern is the only tenderness which is wholly delicate and refined" (Dowden).

I do not cross you; but I will do so (v. 1. 20). H. explains thus: "That is, 'I will do as I have said,' not 'I will cross you.' At this time Octavius was but twenty-one years old, and Antony was old enough to be his father. . . . The text gives the right taste of the man, who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him." Wr. also believes that the passage is intended "to bring out the character of Octavius, which made Antony yield." We may be alone in our opinion (the editors generally make no comment here), but we believe that both H. and Wr. are wrong. We can see neither truth nor point in saying "I do not cross you, but I will do what you say crosses you." We take it that Octavius yields to Antony, and does it readily, with a play upon *cross:* "I do not cross you (in Antony's sense

of the word), but I *will* cross you (in the sense of crossing over to the other side of the field);" and with the word he *does* cross over. According to Plutarch he commanded the left wing, and this makes the play agree with the history. It is also confirmed by the context. So far from setting himself in opposition to Antony, Octavius in his very next speech asks the former whether they shall *give sign of battle*, and when Antony says *no* he at once accepts this decision and gives orders accordingly.

In 18 Ritson proposed to change *thou* to "you;" but Wr. says that *thou* "gives a touch of imperiousness to Octavius' speech." But *thou* was often used in requests and appeals (Gr. 234); as in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 273:

> "Come *thou* on my side, and entreat for me
> As *you* would beg were *you* in my distress."

See also 71 below: "Give me thy hand," etc.

Our former ensign (p. 177). For the use of *former*, Ritson quotes Adlington's *Apuleius*, 1596: "First hee instructed me to sit at the table vpon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding up my former feete;" and Harrison, *Description of Britaine*, 1577: "It [brawn] is made commonly of the fore part of a tame Bore . . . of his former partes is our Brawne made." Cf. also Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 6. 10:

> "Yet did her face and former parts professe
> A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
> But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
> A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse."

ROMAN TOMB.

ANCIENT ARCH ON ROAD LEADING INTO ROME.

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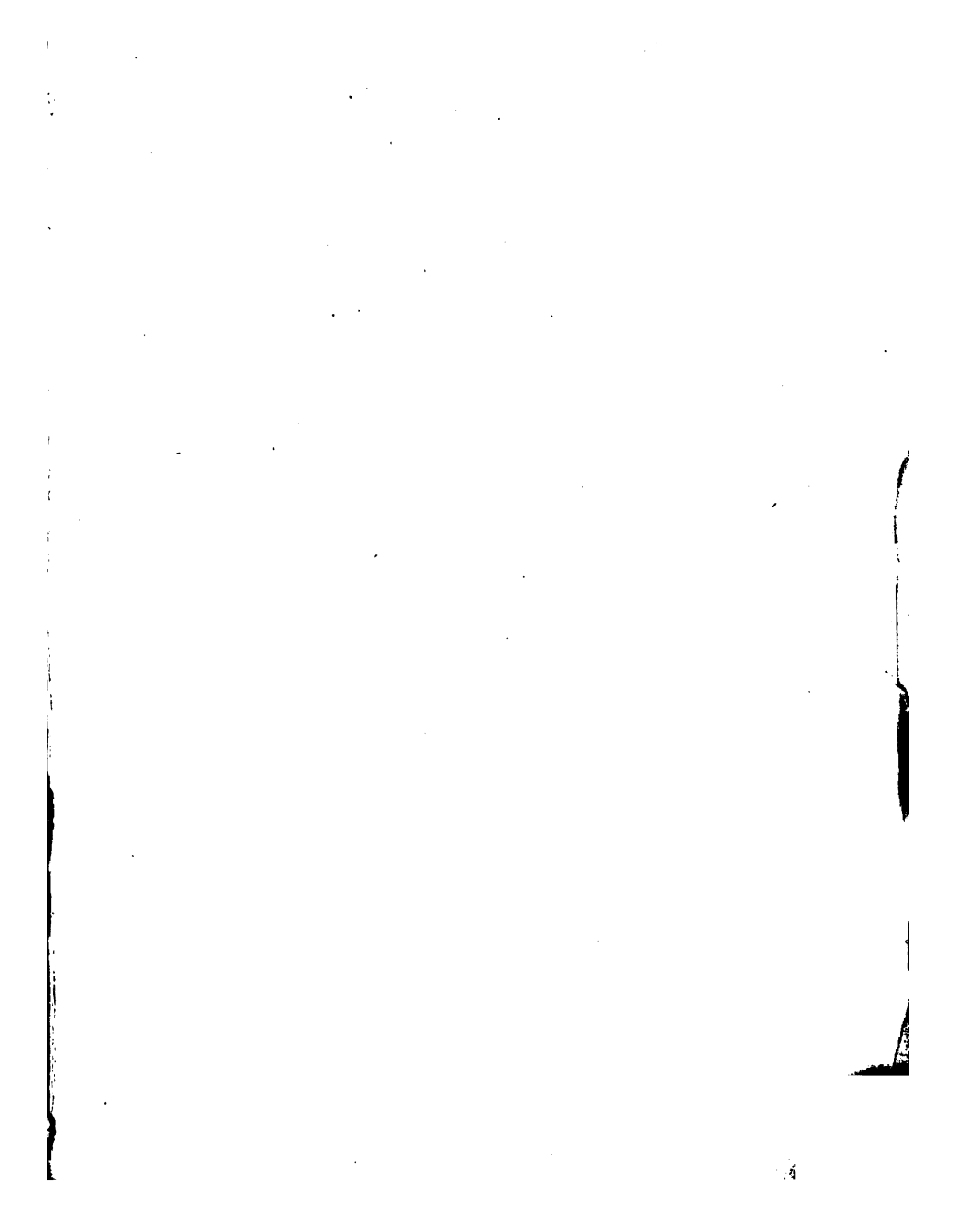
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